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STARTLING LEADERSHIP RACE IN DECADES

# MACLEAN'S



LIBERAL LEADERSHIP 2006

## THE INSIDE STORY

Late-night meetings,  
public squabbling,  
personal betrayal,  
and Stéphane Dion's  
wild ride to the top  
of the Hill

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Our weekly newsmakers feature returns next week as a 24-page year-end special

**MACLEAN'S.CA**

**Liberal Leadership:** Review our coverage of Stéphane Dion's surprising victory—including our leadership blog and extensive reports from the convention floor: [www.macleans.ca/liberalism](http://www.macleans.ca/liberalism)  
**Business Week:** Columnist Paul Wells tracks the early days of the Liberals: new at [www.macleans.ca/paulwells](http://www.macleans.ca/paulwells)  
**Weekly Update:** Scott Feckel gives his unique take on the daily headlines: [www.macleans.ca/feckel](http://www.macleans.ca/feckel)  
**TV Guide:** Jackie J. Weisman keeps you up to speed on the latest in small-screen culture: [www.macleans.ca/weisman](http://www.macleans.ca/weisman)







## A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT BRISON

On Thursday, hometown media in Halifax were watching the Nova Scotia MP and Liberal leadership candidate as Atlantic Canada's next political risktaker. But Brison played his cards wrong at the convention in Montreal, siding first with former Ontario premier Bob Rae and then with Michael Ignatieff during Saturday's runoff votes. By Sunday, he was potentially pleading, insisting he could be an asset to his new boss, Stéphane Dion.

### Good news

#### Quick fix

John Bolton, once billed as a flag bearer of United Nations reform, advanced his cause by resigning his post as U.S. ambassador to the unimpassioned body. Bolton, a hard-line lawyer for his inquisitive style, was working under a temporary appointment from President George W. Bush because he'd been unable to win Senate confirmation. It's not as well known that Bolton's unimpassioned relationship with the UN secretariat made him an impediment to, rather than an agent of, positive change. With a new secretary general about to assume office, the road is once again clear for badly needed reforms to the UN's dysfunctional committees and voting structure. The next ambassador should lead the way.

#### Cheque please

Staff days have once again descended on Wall Street. Silly negotiators are cracking down on the expensive gifts and parties that bring business deals on mutual fund made n, in hopes of generating more business. Traders buy and sell on behalf of investors, and the brokerage firms they choose to do business with split billions of dollars in commissions each year. One firm, Jefferies & Co., was slapped last week with a US\$9.7-million fine for defiling out trips to facilities and eating Bernese and Wimbledon, and for throwing a US\$675,000 backdoor party for one very valued trader. Regulators are trying to advance a revolutionary new ideology that trading firms should be working in the best interests of clients, rather than in the pursuit of more fees from suppliers.

#### That cheesy feeling

It might take four days—or your entire first trimester—but it turns

out morning sickness is a great sign for your pregnancy. British researchers found in a recent study that the presence of nausea early in a pregnancy means a 70 per cent reduction of the chance of miscarriage. Consider the implications: If it feels like good fetal health rather than mere maternal hardship, women may find themselves graying for a healthy dose of olfactory deprivation during those crucial first three months—just as a morning sign that things are okay.

### FACE OF THE WEEK



SEE NO EVIL? U.S. authorities kept suspected "money launderer" Jesse Poffo in the dark on his way to a dental appointment.

#### The royal 'ee'

In a triumph of epistolarity, commentators at the University of Munich have determined that Queen Elizabeth II's accent is becoming more like that of her subjects. According to phonetic experts, the Queen pronounced words like city and duty as "city" and "duty" in the 1970s. Now those words sound like "citty" and "dooty." Similarly, "kore" has given way to the more popular pronunciation "core." Call us crazy, but this sounds a lot more like the Canadian accent. At this rate she'll be saying "aboot" in no time.

#### Talk is cheap

Unless you count placards as progress, the Liberal leadership contest served a symbolic blow to minority representation in Canadian public life. While the candidates' Friday speeches were rife with glowing references to the party's tolerance—and Stephen Harper's alleged lack of name-delegates gave the woman (Martha Hall Finlay), the boy man (Scott Brison) and the smart green (Joe Volpe) the lowest vote totals, collectively removing three

used both birthday party due to poor health), Mexico's parliament dissolved into chaos as left-wing demonstrators tried to stop the inauguration of the newly elected president, Felipe Calderón. Any chance that modern Mexico was gaining a foothold in the region faded with Calderón's proclamation of victory over "the devil"—i.e. George W. Bush.

#### The truth, revised

The clock began ticking on George Zaccarelli's term as RCMP commissioner after he sought to "correct" earlier testimony before a Commons panel regarding the Maher Arar case. In September, Zaccarelli told the public safety committee he knew his officers had supplied bad information on Arar to U.S. authorities shortly after the Ottawa man was arrested in 2002—information that later led to Arar's being detained and tortured in Syria. Then, faced with the awkward question of why he didn't speak up right after home, the commission changed history. His new claim: he was unaware of the force's actions until October. Whether dishonesty or plain incompetence led to this discrepancy doesn't much matter: Zaccarelli has brought discord on the force and must leave his position forthwith.

#### Full frontal security

As if airport security procedures weren't already demanding enough, U.S. authorities are testing X-ray devices capable of providing graphic depictions of nude bodies. Critics warn the images taken by so-called "backscatter" machines could easily find their way onto the Internet, violating the privacy of innocent travellers. And you thought the black wands were bad. ■



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# MITCHEL RAPHAEL ON PINS AND CONDOMS, THE FOUR JUSTINS AND THE HOME-ALONE HUSKY

## MARTHA STEWART COULDN'T MAKE IT

As the Martha Hall Findlay bus headed to Montreal, amidst some stop-and-go the Liberal leadership candidate "Are you at the Bay or Kaneo?" Hall Findlay replied: "You have me confused with Martha Stewart." And so began the trek to crown a new Liberal leader. General Kennedy arrived with bushy cut short hair. What did his wife think? "Once it grows it will be good," said Jennifer Kennedy-Armstrong. Over 1,000 media people were at the convention. CTV had its big platform on the convention floor overlooking the stage, which soon swam more on lower the stage levels, but the marshals told them they had to move.



Belinda Stronach arranged for James Church of the

Philosopher Kings to perform at the Young Liberals of Canada party at Club Metropoli to Michael Ignatieff's people had Ashley MacIsaac in a couple of their bushes. The leader said he avoided saying a phrase he thought was quite funny: "Quebec you're a mess!" (He said it slowly.) Throughout the convention the Ignatieff campaign was handing out boxes of Iggy

Krueber and daughter Justine



water displaying the candidate's face. Some found it slightly ironic, given that many of the youth backing other candidates had been passing down the Iggy cult for months by saying, "I'm not a Koolhaed drinker."

On the Friday night of the convention, Ignatieff's wife, Rosemary, and daughter, Justine, were a cordial joke. She told Capital Diary she has no real confidants, while from now she won't need to go to bed.

The next night all the can-

dicates addressed the convention. After Bob Rae's speech and video introduction, Treasury Board President John Baird quipped: "In five years in Ontario I promise to take your car to the just disappeared." Baird wasn't the only Conservative there to be observed and media commentators. Stephen Harper's usually scruffy press secretary Doreen Seidman was there for the occasion, something he doesn't do for billion-dollar announcements. "I had to see my mother today," he later confessed.

James Trudeau seemed to be everywhere. Perhaps that was because three people at the convention looked a lot like him: it came down to Ignatieff and Dion on the first ballot, Liberal interim leader Bill Graham let out a sigh of relief since both already had run in the House but what about relief for Dion's dog? He really knows his dog's dog! His wife, Janine Krueber, started Capital Diary that since husbands are working dogs they sleep when left alone and don't need to be taken out for long periods. As the voting went on throughout Saturday, the Ignatieff camp had "Iggy loves" stickers for all the candidates except Rae. There it was all over. As a minister, Stéphane Dion walked to the stage and the crowd erupted.

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Frederick was off. The psycho-technic technician remained unmotivated. Turn out he's a supervisor. M

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa outlets or to contact Mitchel Raphael, visit [www.mitchelraphael.com](http://www.mitchelraphael.com)



JUSTIN DOORN-ALKES (from left), Chris de Eyre, Ian Anderson and Boris Johnson with the real thing



Mitchell Raphael and Rosemary Raphael with their dog Justine in a crowd

On the Friday night of the convention, Ignatieff's wife, Rosemary, and daughter, Justine, were a cordial joke. She told Capital Diary she has no real confidants, while from now she won't need to go to bed.

The next night all the can-

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Smart move.

# Usually ideas guys are bad news, but I like Dion



BARBARA AMIEL

With his ruddy glasses, elegant French and polite mannerisms, Stéphane Dion could be seen as the 19th-century member of the circle of Oscar Wilde and political theorists that flourished between Hungary and Moscow. Last Saturday night, he stood in a bubble of calm detachment waiting to hear he had won the leadership of the Liberal party. Welcome to the 21st century in Canadian politics and the rise of the intellectual.

Ever since the birth of democracy, prime ministers and presidents in North America have come to politics with low degrees in their pockets. The 21 Canadian prime ministers before Stephen Harper included 16 lawyers—though if it weren't for Pierre Trudeau or Mackenzie King, would have described them selves by that term. In the United States, 14 of its 43 presidents have studied law.

Business change. This Liberal leadership race was close down to a battle between Oxford, Harvard and the Institut d'études politiques de Paris (i.e., a.k.a. Sciences Po). Bob Rae, an attorney at Toronto, grounded liberal law like being Rhodes Scholar at Balliol, Oxford, where his thesis was a critique of early Fabians. Michael Ignatieff, an University of Toronto, broadcaster, author and journalist, moved from campus to campus, among them King's College, Cambridge, London School of Economics and Harvard. Stéphane Dion is the Franco-phenomenon, in Université Laval, for his A. and M.A. in political science, doctorate from the Institut d'études politiques de Paris.

Most leaders in the Western world came originally from the aristocracy, the clergy or the army. (The American tradition began with the gentleman farmer.) At church and aristocracy diminished in power, a low degree became the way in. A sprinkling of other professions swarmed the list: U.S. president Andrew Johnson was a tailor, Joe Clark was sort of a journalist, Lester Pearson a public

service associate, but the pattern was set. Then came the 1960s and the explosion of the social sciences. Once confined to the weak or "soft" versions of the more rigorous applied or "hard" sciences of chemistry or physics, politics, economics and sociology were now ready to use "scientific" methods themselves to improve society—and its inhabitants. New fields opened up, like government studies, with expanding subdisciplines such as human rights and political advocacy. This went hand in hand with the growing fashion for special science and expert knowledge. John Fetter's seminal book *The Vertical Mosaic* (1945) introduced class analysis as a tool for understanding Canadian society and policy.

As Canada discovered problems of class and class, there were existing opportunities for social sciences in the form of royal commissions. In his fascinating 1987 book *Intellectuals in Liberal Democracy*, Alain Gagnon points out that the Inquiries and Social Sciences Commission, together with the 11 royal commissions preceding it, virtually "did for sociology and political science what the Gordon Commission had done for economics (namely, establishing the legitimacy of a particular field and community

of intellectuals who were public policy). ... In fact, there weren't enough social scientists to go around. For left-wing as for right, whose theory rested on the notion that human society and nature could be predicted, this was a bonanza. Gérard Filion, former publisher of *Le Devoir*, watched it all with characteristic cynicism. "If present trends continue," he said—apparently a words from memory—"Quebec will have three times as many anthropologists studying Indians as a hen has eggs, and it will be overruled by academics talking as with classical syllables how to grow three blades of grass where one grew before." The rapid outgrowth of this was the movement of social scientists from the upper reaches of the bureaucracy into government itself.

## Dion's green: The most unflattering shade for older Liberal Establishment complexions

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The business of intellectuals is ideas, and just as there are good and bad business decisions, there are good and bad ideas. Intellectuals in government almost always come from the left. Usually they are a catastrophe. As governor of Ontario, Bob Rae's policies caused a sharp decline in, if not total collapse of Ontario's economic growth. Pierre Trudeau, Canada's only true intellectual so far at 14 since, managed to run Canada's health care system, institutionalize the media

service standards, but the pattern was set. Then came the 1960s and the explosion of the social sciences. Once confined to the weak or "soft" versions of the more rigorous applied or "hard" sciences of chemistry or physics, politics, economics and sociology were now ready to use "scientific" methods themselves to improve society—and its inhabitants. New fields opened up, like government studies, with expanding subdisciplines such as human rights and political advocacy. This went hand in hand with the growing fashion for special science and expert knowledge. John Fetter's seminal book *The Vertical Mosaic* (1945) introduced class analysis as a tool for understanding Canadian society and policy.

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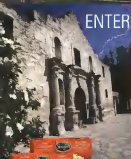
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**NEW LIBERAL LEADER STÉPHANE DION TALKS TO KENNETH WHYTE ABOUT DIPLOMACY, HUMAN RIGHTS, LOYALTY AND GOOD FORTUNE**

**Q** Congratulations on your victory.  
**A:** Thank you to each of you.  
**Q:** Let's start with a question about rights. The Conservative government has been critical of China on issues of human rights and industrial espionage. How would your Liberal government treat these issues? Do you believe that Canada is right to call out China?

**A:** Not in the way Mr. Harper did. Mr. Christian, as he said in his convention speech, has been able to address the issue in China. He delivered a speech on human rights at the university in Beijing, without ever having the capacity of Canada to be gaining sanctions in China. In doing business with China, you may make some progress in the way China must improve human rights. But nothing would be worse than China again being isolated, a totalitarian regime worse than the one we have today. We need to try to stay very open to China, and to address rights, but not in the way Mr. Harper is doing. It's unrealistic and counterproductive.

**Q:** But you don't seem to disagree with the substance of the criticism, just the manner of delivering them.

**A:** Yes, because I want results.  
**Q:** Can you point to any results from the Gleeson/Martin case on human rights in China?  
**A:** It's difficult to say that you have results yourself. It's a combination of the approach that different countries have, that will bring about results in China. But the way Mr.

Harper did it well in no way be possible for anyone, neither Canada nor China.

**Q:** You have also criticized the Prime Minister for not speaking out on Taylor. What can Canada do? What would you do as prime minister to stop genocide in Sudan?

**A:** Mr. Martin did a lot. We were the country that did the most to help organize the African international force, one of the countries that did the most to help the situation, and it's not impossible that we will need to do more—except that the Prime Minister put all our capacity to intervene in Kandahar.

**Q:** So you could act as potentially as the ground in Sudan?

**A:** If we had an international force ready to help, yes, but Canada cannot do it alone.

**Q:** Should you keep our combat troops in Kandahar?

**A:** I will not leave Afghanistan in dishevelment, as Mr. Layton is suggesting we do—I will not undertake leave people without any protection overnight. But I will not do what Mr. Harper is doing, which is to stay until 2009 without any comprehension of what we are supposed to achieve. Last spring, the blockade of the House with this motion, without any clear mandate, saying, "If you don't do what I want, an election will come." In doing that he copied Mr. Bush's speeches—to the point Mr. Bush may request royalties! He also encouraged other countries to do less than they would have, because the conclusion was Canada will take care of everything. Now he's complaining that this country

tries are not doing enough, but it's been the result of his approach. What I would do, it's much more of a multilateral approach to design a mission that makes sense. You will need to have a plan to replace the opium crop, because as long as 50 per cent of the economy is an illicit activity giving a lot of money to the warlords, it will not work. If it's not possible to replace the crop—I'm not an expert in these things—I have read one U.S. report showing it's possible to use the crop for pharmaceutical reasons. This issue will be essential to me, and if it's possible, Canada will say so and see that progress done.

If there is no way to have a mission that makes sense, there are different options, like finding a less dangerous role for our troops, or to completely leave. But I would like to find a way to help the people of Afghanistan in a positive and constructive fashion.

**Q:** You were minister of defence during an era when Canada was concerned for the Kyoto accord, but we did not make much progress toward meeting our emissions targets during that time. Why do you think you weren't able to be more effective?

**A:** Because our economy was growing, especially in the oil and gas sector. We're the only G7 country in that, the U.K. is decreasing, but we are increasing. The oil sands did not exist as an industry in 1996, and now it's one of the only cores of the country. Now,

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the comedy. We came in April 2005 with a very strong climate change and energy plan, much stronger than the ones of 2000 and 2003. This would have allowed us to honour Kyoto. The conservatism of the environment and your not going with this plan we would have resolved our environmental. And I agree with her—that's why we and we will review the results year after year and make improvements when necessary. In September 2006, I released a very long document explaining all the measures I would take—fiscal programs, regulations—in order to do it, while strengthening our economy and having much more energy efficiency. This is an improved plan, and I'm very confident that we'll be amazed by the results.

**Q** Do you believe we can maintain our competitiveness in the world and still make our Kyoto targets?

**A** If we have the proper tax reform and regulations and, partner ship, we'll speed up the use of capital and our age in our technologies that will create the possibility of having almost zero emissions. If we speed up the use of the best clean-coal technology, not only will we have a very significant decrease of emissions, but we'll have a better trained population, the best links between universities and industry, we'll strengthen universities, export this know-how—and make regulations of money.

**Q** I'm that noisy, why aren't we doing it?

**A** It's not easy. You need political leadership, you need a vision, you need know-how. It took months for us to have a lot of meetings with experts—with the industry, with environmental groups—and it's through that that we have been able to build this plan. Mr. Hauger decided to leave it for partisan political reasons—he made greenhouse gas transitions with this plan, he heard it.

**Q** You made the environment the centerpiece of your leadership run. Would the re-election also be the focus of a national Liberal election campaign?

**A** Yes, but it's more than the environment, it's a three-tiered approach: economic prosperity, social justice and environmental sustainability together. Our economy, to be competitive, must be green, must be sustainable. You need to have recycling, you need to produce more but with less non-renewable resources, and you need to have conservation. This requires a strong knowledge economy, because you need to have the best technologies that are almost always the greenest ones using the least energy.

**Q** The Green party, in the last election, got almost four per cent of the vote. Are you confident that environmental policies are going to be

popular with the Canadian electorate?

**A** Oh yes, if it's sustainable development—something that is linked to what we need to do to be competitive in the world, to have top-quality universities, a well-trained population, a well-educated population, understanding the necessity of conservation.

**Q** Would you restrict the government's right to decide to scrap income tax?

**A** I am very disappointed by the way the government deals with it. I received a lot of suggestions to revisit it, and suggestions to not revisit it, since the situation would be worse than now. So I will look at that very carefully with my cabinet.

**Q** But you haven't made a decision yet.

**A** No, I don't have answers to every question. **Q** You've mentioned that you admire the fiscal accomplishments of Brian Crozier and Martin. But during that time Canada did slip from fifth to 10th spot in GDP per capita in the world. How are you going to get us back to the levels we expect to be at?

**A** I would like to focus especially on the link to the market issue—commercialization—how to link our universities with industry locally, keeping in mind that, let's say, Harvard is a Massachusetts university in addition to being an international one. Reforms to ensure that universities and business will be much more in touch than in the case today, the link between the R and the D, will be a very strong way to help Canada have an economy that will grow much quickly.

**Q** One of your criticisms of the PM is that he's been running his mission. But you have considered shipping your cabinet on a spinning wheel as a marriage issue. How do you reconcile those two positions?

**A** Come on, you're not elected alone, you're elected with a party platform. You need to act as a team—there's nothing wrong with party discipline. An MP should be the voice of his riding, except that the people of my riding want me to care about the country, about the 300 or so other ridings. They expect that I will work as a team. There are issues where I would be open to a free vote, if it's a matter of conscience, but when it's a matter of the Charter of Rights, when the Prime Minister wants to be the first in history to override the Charter, this is another issue.

**Q** At present, child care charges are being given to Canadians with money that would have gone to a Liberal daycare plan. If you're not that daycare plan, will you stop sending the child care cheques?

**A** If you have money, give it to the people in need. We have 500,000 children in poverty, and we have a tool to help them: the child care benefit. I should be willing

to increase that, and then to help a lot of people receive more than they have today. But to give the money to the upper middle class—that's the worst. Also, we need child care centres nationwide. It's a matter of social justice for parents, but it's important for the economy to have mobility in your workforce.

**Q** Did you expect to win the leadership?

**A** I was confident in my chance. It was a matter of hard work, a lot of thought about our policies, which were on my website. They had no coverage in the media, but I knew that the delegates knew they existed. At the end of the day we won, and the party won.

**Q** But there is an element of good fortune in a victory like this, with so many candidates. Do you feel that, or do you feel it was just good preparation on your part?

**A** No, no, you need in everything to be lucky, but also to make your chance, make



**'You're not elected alone, you're elected with a platform. There is nothing wrong with party discipline.'**

your fate—is this the way to say it?

**Q** You are a dual citizen, French and Canadian. Will you be giving up your French citizenship now that you're Liberal leader?

**A** I hope it will not be something that will prove very difficult. You have, I guess, hundreds and hundreds of thousands of Canadians in the same situation. There shows my loyalty, 100 per cent, to my country. I'm the living proof that this should not be considered as a problem. I am a dual citizen since my birth, from my mother. It's part of me, but I'm loyal to Canada only. ■

## Behind the scenes of the amazing race

The secret meetings, the private deals, the personal betrayals and those desperate late nights in the hospitality suites: The long march to the choosing of the new Liberal leader

# STÉPHANE DION'S WILD RISE

**On the first ballot, 83 per cent of delegates voted for someone else. So how did a bespectacled policy wonk with bad English and little charisma become the new leader of the Liberal Party of Canada? By Paul Wells**

## PROLOGUE

THEY STOOD behind him and floated over head now, the gods and goddesses of Canadian Liberalism: Turner, Chretien, Martin, live on stage at the Palais des Congrès de Montréal. Lorne, King, Pearson, Trudeau and the others in attendance, their photos or busts hanging from the roof. The face of power and, as Liberals like to style it, of progress, changing in its features over the years but always refined and confident.

Every one of these men has become prime minister except poor Edward Blake 110 years ago, and even he got to start a pretty good law firm. The holder of this job, the leader of this party, has always been guaranteed a short ride into the history books.

Now here was the last among them, call him this, signifying as he appeared at the microphone. "The most exciting race in the history of our party is over," Stéphane Dion said. "Let's get ready for the decision!"

Eleven o'clock. Eighty-three per cent of them had not voted for Dion on the first ballot. Handbills had died, in late and as reluctantly as any such decision can be made, that Michael Ignatieff represented the lesser of two evils. Those handbills had rushed to Ignatieff's aid, swelling his support on the fourth ballot after a bad flatland for three. A few delegates, disproportionately from Quebec, had felt the ball rather than hear Dion address them as their leader.

This Sunday victory had not come easily. When the convention had begun on Wednesday, almost nobody anticipated its result. There would be little time to celebrate because the job ahead was as hard as disarming the job now done. Stéphane Dion would have to write his party. Bend up its wounds. Convent at least a few skeptics who saw him as a useful scourge who could only drive voters

away. Then head into battle, almost certainly before he was quite ready, against a Prime Minister who just might be the only guy in Ottawa smarter and cooler than him.

Formidable tasks. Dion did what he has usually done, since long before he began one of the most peculiar and memorable political careers in recent Canadian history. He got down to work without much fan.

Step one: warm up the crowd with a joke. The night before, during the crucial final round of speeches from the leadership candidates, Dion had spoken his line five times

in a little trick he pulls out of his back-packs sometimes, just to entertain the sleepers. "I didn't think when I was young, watching my hero present the Canadian flag at 100 shots per game, that I would be in Montreal next to him one day," he said of Ken Dryden.

Step three: begin to address his estrangement from much of his own home province, or at least from a certain elite that seeks to lead opinion there. "Québécois!" he shouted. "All of Canada belongs to us, so it does to every Canadian!"

At the Institut d'études politiques de Paris, where Dion honed his debating skills as a young man, students are graded—hard—for presentation as well as content. If you're delivering a talk, half your marks will be for content itself. If you're writing, half your marks will be for the elegance of your composition. Every point is a struggle. The markers are brutal. Some students repeat their second or third year after failing, then repeat it again after failing again. Nothing is ever simply given to students at Sciences Po, as it is called, so Stéphane Dion developed his habit of clear thinking and rigorous expression early.

Students at Sciences Po can tug ideas inside every argument or analysis into two parts. Never three. Sometimes you have to come up with a novel two-part structure (Stéphane's governing style). The rhetoric of a Liberalist, the consensus of center One, one. Usually you can apply one of the ready-made structures all Sciences Po students carry around in their heads: leadership and long sentences. Sermon and diffidence. Economic factors, social factors.

Rapture and continuity.

Ah, that one's a foreword. What hasn't changed? And on the other hand, what has? This whole Liberal consensus had been an effort to emphasize continuity. The party had leaned a bit too heavily on "change" as its theme when a dazed Paul Martin was in. The results had been unpleasant. Now the party's stage manager had worked overtime to demonstrate that for Liberals, the important things never change. Hence the invitation to Martin, Jean Chretien and John Turner to speak. Hence the banners with the previous leaders' faces. Hence the presence, last August, of every rival in this office: little campaign, from Joe Volpe to Scott Brison



SATURDAY, DEC. 1 (top) General Kennedy and Stéphane Dion clasp hands, shortly after Kennedy threw his support to Dion; Michael Ignatieff and his wife, Zuzanna Zebner



to Bob Rae and Michael Ignatieff, these former college roommates who had all but finished the campaign with each man's hand wrapped around the other's neck.

Now have they all went to make race. "All right," Ignatius had said to Dora, grabbing the victor's hand before they turned to face the crowd together, "let's show these people what unity means!"

There was continuity too, not only in the message but in the ways Desjardins used his predecessors'. Not another leader from Quebec, after Trudeau, Chretien, Martin. Yet another man who put his eye teeth on the national unity debate.

But it is actually the case with this version, it is the reputation that is more likely to compensate. At least twice Moderate King announced that St Laurent in 1981, the party boss has usually had a preferred candidate, and the preferred candidate has, as a rule, won. Nor is the time. Not all the chiefs of Power Corp—scripturally do not work within tight new spending caps, of course—nor all the wits of John Rae, the legendary Chisholm campaign manager, had sufficed to deliver this prize to Bob Rae. The unshakable Liberal officials for a hard some four years had not worked the time for Michael Ignatieff.

Instead, we had heard two candidates and a reluctant moderator, Martha Hall Findlay and Gerard Kennedy, to his side as emblems of mainstream through the convention's four billion. Within days, Kennedy and Hall Findlay would soon be forgotten, living evidence not just that the party's humbly's choices had been rejected, but that its pragmatists were under siege. MPs still unknown to most Canadians, like Mark Holland and Nandor Depina, were suddenly big names. And Dion's elaborate platform, couched on an ambitious program of environmental reform, had turned the entire Liberal party into a (very) late blooming event management.

This is rapacious—in style, personnel and mission—beyond anything most liberals thought they could effect. It may yet make Dean Liberman a very different beast from the liberalizers of the past decade and a half. It ensured that political parties, who had seen in the year with an unusually successful election campaign, would continue to be needed as they saw the year out.

This is the story of Sophie's Dad's wild ride. Written by Paul Wells with John Goddes, based on their reporting and that of Markew's staffers Nicholas Kibler, John Intini, Kenneth Auker, Colin Campbell, Aaron Wherry and Anne Ransome, it offers an idiosyncrasy and even revelations about a leadership campaign that lasted for more of a year—and then pushed a year's worth of surprise into its last two days.

## CHAPTER 1

## A wounded party does its penance

"When it was over—when the crowd of black & Hispanic and the challenges of 13 years in power ended on the same cold January night in Montreal—Paul Martin found some of the grace that had defined him for so long. "I will take take-party onto another election's main tides," he said, master of fluency in the crowd as his dining headquarters, an Italian banquet hall in LaSalle finished. Later, the deflated prime minister and his entourage returned down town to the Fairmont. Queen Elizabeth Hotel. Aides-on-scene staff, most of whom had been with him since his 1986 Liberal leadership bid, came to terms with the event of the night, those who were sworn off bags. Not a lot of hugs. Not a lot of hugs." John Duffy, a Miami strategist, recalled. "But even him self, Paul was mostly relaxed in knowing whether everyone was going to be there or not."



At one point, a member of Martin's substance team, Soyla Noordin, needed to fetch some scotch, a task she would not ordinarily undertake. She ran down one

**Potential Martin successors began to drop out. One** decided after recalling that his three-year-old once asked his mother: 'Where does Daddy live exactly?'

of the hotel's long hallways toward the elevator. Paul Marston's voice called after her: "Seyla!" Solace was of her own feelings, worried about what he might need. Norton turned to leave. Marston finished his thought: "You run like a wolf!"

The highway filled with relieved laughter. If only the Liberal Party of Canada could be put at ease as effortlessly. Stephen Harper's Conservatives had best heed to a narrow majority victory, 224 seats in a 308-seat parliament. The Martin Liberals were only 21 seats behind, at 120 seats, but those top 100 members insisted deeper weakness for the once-kenned-to-Grits. At 33.7 per cent, the Liberals' share of the popular vote was their second-lowest since Confederation. Only John Turner, ousted by Brian Mulroney in 1984, had done worse. And the Liberals' 101

per cent share of the popular vote in Quebec was the party's worst showing ever.

The trouble was deeper. Fighting two elections in two years had drained party coffers. Severe new laws on political donations, introduced last by Jean Charest in a state of peacetime, made it impossible to raise new money from a few donors who'd pocketed. The sponsorship scandal and the Gomery commission's devastating headlines added thousands of potential donors to Quebec, especially, the party was meant to last. There was, finally, the unlikeliest spectre of Stephen Harper, a more formidable opponent than the Liberals had expected. He'd gotten out at both elections he'd fought as Conservative leader. Why presume he'd be a faster loser? Why believe the Liberals' snare in the province had, now, lost out to a once or

So the Liberals' robust parliamentary career was almost their only good news. Which meant the first decision, for several pretendors to Martin's crown, was whether it was worth the hassle.

**GRACE IN DEFEAT:** Martine shows signs of anger in January



John Marley, the former minister of industry, foreign affairs and finance in successive Chiffoleau governments, was doing analysis on CBC television on election night. "I was as surprised as everybody" when Martin announced his resignation, Marley recalls. The first thought that came to mind: "I have to make a decision, quickly."

And he told "When I walked out of the CIBC station onto John Street in the morning, I thought, 'I don't want to do this.' I knew what I had to do. I had to get up in the morning and get on the phone and start lining up support. And I had to get out of a lot of the things that I was newly into, some of them non-profit, some of them volunteer, some of them paid, and would down my involvement." By Mansley hadn't already dropped out of politics, she had stayed on as a Marine member.

"I would certainly have been in the race," he says. But now his life was heading another way. A few days after the election, Masley published an op ed article in the *Globe and Mail* and *La Presse* announcing his decision

The median man was Frank McKenna. The precariously boyish former New Brunswick premier had spent a rocky year and a half as the Martin government's ambassador to Washington. A change of government sent left him with two decisions: serve the new government as ambassador—or Ran for the Liberal leadership? Both decisions were easy. In fact, the change of government gave McKenna the excuse he needed for growing back out of public life. He had been busy in an ambassadorial role when I left public life in 1992. In leaving, now with the prospect of positioning myself to come back, but with the intention of leaving permanently, McKenna recalls, "It hadn't changed my mind on that. The fact I was considered the front runner wasn't influential, just the fact that I could wasn't a reason that I should."

McKenna held a Washington news conference a week after election night to announce his decision. In only seven days, two high-profile candidates for the leadership had dropped out. It was not very fitting of the field that made reputation all the stronger for Martin Caughey.

An ardent young lawyer and former MP for Montreal's easy-going north suburb, Cauchon, who didn't run in the 2004 election, had held a succession of junior posts in Chretien's cabinet before becoming his last, junior minister. A soft-spoken, Cauchon is chatty, confident and just a little inclined to prattle. He would instantly have been the candidate to host in Quebec. In February, he took his wife, Denise Perron, to Cannes for a mid-tier week. "I'm my blackberry and the emails were coming in like crazy," Cauchon recalls. "Everyone wanted to know what I was going to do."

Back home in Montreal, Cauchon told his organizers it was too early to get back into the papers. They told him he was wrong. Cauchon admits these reactions started to sway him. He was "feeling the fever." It was up to his wife to get away notions out of his head. One night, when they put their three children to bed, she reminded him of a Saturday morning while he was still a minister. "I had my nose in my cereal and François, who was not alone, sat at the stove, looked at his mom and asked, 'Mooooo, where does dad live exactly?'"

The prospect of vanishing from existence was on everyone's mind when the Liberal

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LEADERSHIP CAMPAIGNS are, in part, recruitment drives. Back in November, candidate Stéphane Dion was in Montreal (top), while Michael Ignatieff worked away in Toronto

party's 66-member national executive met at the Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa on March 19-19. And without anyone really trying to out-lead, the meeting became an act of openness for some of the party's recent behaviour.

The 2005 leadership campaign, such as it was, had been a spectacle of big anonymity and extraordinarily narrow windows of opportunity for anyone whose name wasn't Paul Martin. That campaign had been about candidates forcing their self-selection, from a playing field dominated by rules that had been written for Martin, by officials who had been installed, coasts to coasts, by the Martin organization. There's no question the party wouldn't have made precisely the same mistake again, if a candidate had risen who chose so brightly as Martin once had. But none

did. And the rules in place were already discouraging personal elections.

Indeed, as the executive met in Ottawa, the only declared candidate was Martha Hall Findlay, a Toronto lawyer who had planned to run as the Liberal candidate in Newmarket Aurora against Billadsen Stinson—and she was informed, in the spring of 2005, that Stinson would be running as the Liberal in her place.

So this time the party would "flood the zone," in the words of Steven MacKinnon, the Liberals' national director. Not only did the party want to open the leadership race to any willing candidate, it wanted to open its own structure and openness to constitutional changes, and to simplify its overly complex delegate selection process.

The meeting began with a speech by party president Mike Binning, a lawyer and protestor minister from London, Ont. The mood was somber, but Binning said it was time for the party to "get up off the mat." The executive quickly chose Montreal as the venue for its leadership convention. "We thought it was important to have that stable presence in Quebec," MacKinnon says.

More delicate was the decision about the campaign's length. A leadership campaign is, in part, a recruitment drive: candidates sign up new members to the party, hoping the enthusiasm of new recruits will be easier to harness than the fickle judgment of party stalwarts. Plenty of time to organize would encourage known names to try their hand. The executive gave candidates until the end of June. The party convention took care of the rest: the cut-off for membership sales had to be 90 days before the delegate election meetings in every riding on the coming, the so-called "Sage Week" and "And Super Weekend" had to fall 60 days before the convention. The result: a convention in late November. In the end, that long lead time would give at least one candidate, Stéphane Dion, a chance to rise far higher than expected at the outset. But it would also leave the party drifting and without direction for most of a year.

The other changes were also aimed at democratizing the race. The campaign fee was lowered to \$50,000 from \$75,000. Total spending for any campaign was capped at \$1.4 million. By Liberal standards it was positively down-market. With the party's loss in 2004 and the prospect of a reelection, personal candidates began to come out of the woodwork. Three weeks after the national executive set the rules, 16 men and women put out stage in Edmonton, test-driving their candidacies at a meeting of concerned bewildered Alberta Liberals. An embarrassing procession of the obscure and the apologetic, John Godfrey, John McCallum, Joe Fontana, Italy Dhillia, Paul Zed, Clifford Blais. Nobody had the dominant idea who Clifford Blais was.

Most would be his by second thought before very long. Others would keep their heads in. Fear would become the main protagonist in the drama to come. A gangly and a little Ontario-on-the-margins minister with no profile in his race of the country, Gus and Kennedy. A politician caught freshly home from many years abroad, Michael Ignatieff. An NDP promoter of Ontario who had served occasion and electoral humbleness to become a fixture in the Canadian establishment, Bob Rae. And an oldish Montreal academic with a reputation for brilliance and a shaky grasp on the English language, Stéphane Dion.

PHOTO TOP BY GUY LAWRENCE/GETTY IMAGES; BOTTOM BY GUY LAWRENCE/GETTY IMAGES



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real savings toward a \$6-billion child tax benefit and \$1 billion in assistance for the working poor. Dion's announcement was a bit of a surprise: progressive, centred, aimed against Harper rather than other Liberals. Windy but sometimes getting. But the last of the day came from Martha Hall Findlay. Scott Brison, the bright young co-leader from Nova Scotia, said he had voted in Parliament to censure the Canadian Forces mission in Afghanistan because he feared the way the New York Times would describe the nation's defeat. "We don't establish our foreign policy in this country, we do it out respect, because we're afraid of what the headline in

board ideology in the campaign was that of the brush outside come to shake things up, said Dion made it in old ways and that new ideas were needed.

Dion rounded on him. "Everybody would agree, except that you did not express any original idea since the beginning of this." Kennedy tried to reply, but Dion cut him off. "You spoke! It's my turn! My turn!" Then he rattled off proposed new ideas until the time ran out.

Kennedy's inability to make any headway was, in part, a silly strategy. His campaign simply didn't think the debates were that important. "I don't think he's going to win the

We're going to go try to pick them up." (It was a description of the Kennedy clan's political frailty, not their sexual mores.) Within days of the Vancouver debate, Rae picked up the support of two more ex-candidates, Hedy Fry and Carolyn Bennett.

In fact, every candidate who left the race before the convention ended up supporting Rae. It was a powerful boost to Rae's brand. He was the man everyone could feel comfortable supporting. And it was an implicit criticism of Dion, because several of these people had no an obvious tie with him and didn't seem to relish the thought of giving him the nod.

The leadership race's long preliminary vote ran out on the last weekend of September, when party members across Canada voted for convention delegates in every riding. In itself, this Super Weekend presented a formidable organizational challenge. Finding people in every riding who were willing to travel to Montreal to represent your candidate required substantial resources in every corner of the country. Getting the vote out to get your delegates elected strained resources. Forget coverage and celebrity endorsements; this was a measure of a campaign's real strength. And the weekend's results produced at least one major surprise.

Ignorant led, with 1377 delegates, or 19.1 per cent of the total. Rae was a respectable second with 10.1 per cent, although what stood out was his weak performance in his home province of Ontario, where he got only 16.7 per cent of delegates. Dion wasn't too far behind at 16. But Gerard Kennedy, at 17.5, was ahead of Dion in third place.

Kennedy had received a fraction of the coverage the others had received. In truth, he hadn't wanted much coverage. Reporters don't want. Delegates do. "We thought that was way more important than getting high-profile people support and dealing with the media all the time," Kennedy campaign chairman David MacNaughton said. Thanks to the support of a group of the brightest young Liberal MPs, including Scott Brison, Mario Silva, Mark Holland and Nadeau-Ruc, Kennedy had organized almost few of the other camps had recognized until now.

But despite his formidable strength in Ontario and pockets of the West, Kennedy had at most no support in Quebec—a sizable 18 per cent. Days after Super Weekend, a Kennedy organizer in French Canada sensibly admitted: "We can't do without Dion. And Dion can't do without us." Already, during Liberal caucus meeting in Vancouver at the end of August, the ascendant Quebec minister and the lucky Ontario red had met for a long, gut acquainted breakfast. They were an odd couple. There would be many more meetings. ■



BOB RAE with Ontario PPPP Greg Sorbara, as their wives chat at an Easter brunch event

the New York Times will be." Findlay said. It was a difficult moment for Ignorant. He and Brison were the only candidates who had voted to censure the Afghanistan mission. Not for the last time, the apparent front-runner found himself on the wrong side of a Liberal applause line.

A week later, on June 17, the 11 candidates found themselves in Montreal for a debate in a ritually scheduled with a sound system that kept breaking down. By now, at least in the eyes of media observers, the huge field was beginning to shake down, with Ignorant, Rae and Dion as the front-runners.

The candidates had begun their campaigns proclaiming they would never criticize one another. It was not more high-mindedness as a delegated convention where voting was guaranteed to go several rounds, they really couldn't afford to slander another candidate's supporters. But Dion in particular couldn't seem to help himself. One question in the debate was about regional development. Dion started asking the main opponents from his seat in the Christie and Martin cabinets. Gerard Kennedy, whose

debates, a senior Kennedy organizer said "Nobody's going to watch there."

Kennedy's supporters were convinced that the so-called "air war"—public events and press coverage—didn't matter as much as ground organization and personal allegiances among party members and candidates. The summer's events bore this out. On Aug. 14, Montreal's Bevilacqua became the first commander to drop out since debate season had begun. The Toronto-area MP suspected a lot of people by throwing his support to Rae. No candidate was more audacious in courting the runs than Rae, and by begging Bevilacqua a business-friendly candidate whom some had once expected to see in Paul Martin's industry minister—Rae demonstrated appeal far outside his own niche at the party's left end. Rae kept courting his lies. After the Sept. 27 debate at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Rae quickly left a reception for his own campaign supporters to stroll down the street to a Gerard Kennedy reception. A Rae campaign official cheerfully explained: "A lot of Gerard's people seem a little loose

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PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS





**TORONTO:** Bob Rae, with his wife, Ariane (left), shakes hands while waiting to cast his vote on delegate selection day.

**MONTREAL:** Stéphane Dion and his wife, Janine, leave the airport and head to a fundraising event, as Dion reads his notes.



**MONTREAL:** Dion—aimed by his master in favour of the Kyoto accord—notes his way into the traps at Stéphane Dion's house.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON HARTER (TOP); PHOTOGRAPH BY JENNIFER HARRISON



**LONDON:** Michael Ignatieff makes the rounds with Saeed Pashari, Liberal candidate for London North Centre, who was a big selection.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN KORNBERG (TOP); PHOTOGRAPH BY KYLE ROSS

# Finding the inside talent

IN HIS DREAMT, it almost seems that Michael Ignatieff's move from London to Can by his, Miss, in 2000 was a stepping stone on his way back to Canada after decades abroad. Harvard was closer to home, and as he had a certain aloofness and became a popular teacher, he also began visiting Canada regularly. In 2000—when his supporters for George W. Bush's invasion of Iraq had made him a controversial figure—international liberalizer Ignatieff's ennobled on a low-profile lecture tour of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In Harvard seminar rooms, he often prefaced remarks by noting that his was a Canadian's perspective. It was an eddy between-act-between-mission: he would take this leave for the long list of occasions when he had referred to Americans as "we" and "us," but at Harvard, everyone wondered why Ignatieff kept mentioning people he was Canadian.

The standard version of the story of Ignatieff's return starts with three Liberal critics, Ian Dawey, Al Ape and Dan Brook, visiting him in Cambridge in early 2005. It's an alter ego scene: three quivering septuagenarians journey to the last of the faded philosopher's life. Unfortunately it's not quite true.

In fact, the real men of Ignatieff's re-entry came in December 2004, when Ignatieff flew to Toronto to deliver a lecture. Ape showed him in his boardroom at his law firm, Paulson Martinica. Ignatieff showed up with his wife, Tassiana Zouhar. Ape and Brook had invited Ignatieff, Ape and Brook had invited Ignatieff, Ape and Brook had invited Ignatieff. Ignatieff said he felt his hair was with the Liberals. He told them that the party, after only a year of Paul Martin, needed fresh leadership. The meeting ended with Ignatieff saying he was flattered and he had been thinking about Canadian politics for years—especially since the close call of the 1995 referendum.

After that, Ignatieff's backers set about finding him a riding he could parachute into in time for a federal election. They didn't count on Martin losing. Ignatieff was supposed to get a day-care minister's job. Martin's cabinet first. Now he would run instead. Very often it would show.

The Liberal leader who had first reached out to Ignatieff turned the idea of his co-optation to Ignatieff, with one important addition: Senator David Smith, the unbecom-



IGNATIEFF addresses the media in Toronto. He came up with a new story every five days.

Ontario campaign chair in during the Clinton years, had been committed to helping a Frank McKenna leadership campaign even as he was helping Ignatieff get a parliamentary seat in Etobicoke Lakeshore. But when McKenna decided not to run, Smith joined Ignatieff. His presence lent an air of stability. The other Ignatieff principals were very little problem with nothing the best.

Despite his pedigree as the son of the legendary Crittenden Crittenden, the "Rainmaker" Davey, Ian Dawey had only dabbled in the fringes of Liberal politics until now. He had been John Manley's leadership campaign in 2001, but quit when Manley refused to launch a frontal attack against Paul Martin (Dawey and Martin was "not a real Liberal"). With Ignatieff, Dawey had a "four in five." He said Ignatieff would have to be "smarter as his son," to choose Bob Rae. Before the campaign was to start, he was to be referring to the former Ontario premier as "Bob" and "Worm" Rae.

If all of this leaves you the impression the Ignatieff camp found Rae most, you're right. The two men were back a long way. Bob's first, Paul Rae, and Michael's father, George Ignatieff, were both diplomats in the Pearson years. As young men, the future leadership candidates were college roommates in Toronto.

But their campaign philosophies and styles could hardly be more different. Ignatieff presented himself as the man of vision, willing to take risks. Rae was the even-luck guy. His campaign manager was brother John Rae, the regionally low-key Power Corporation executive who had delivered three majority election victories for Jean Chretien (On the wall of the 2000 election war room, John Rae had a sign: "When losing, say little. When winning, say less.") With John Rae working the phones, the Bob Rae campaign took on the quiet, amiable, unambiguously competent aura Chretien had cherished. Chretien's No. 2 man, Claude Goldenberg, publicly supported Rae. Rae's campaign team included Chief

and PMO veterans Paul Crest and Pamela McDonald and former Liberal national director Sheila Gervais.

In fact, the Chretien association was one of the "three mountains" the Rae campaign had to climb early, an insider reveals, along with Rae's NDP record and his late conversion to Liberalism. Rae managed to blur the Chretien affiliation by making it one of Paul Martin's closest allies, John Weisner and Mike Robinson. Still, it would take more than that to shake the image that Rae Liberalism would represent a return to the Chretien style.

If Ignatieff's campaign team offered the prospect of a free-market policy umbrella, and Rae's the return of a sleek government-in-coat, Ignatieff's campaign was more like a community theatre production: earnest and homemade. The well-eyed Gervais exonerated his talent and expertise in being along, but at that the campaign was just Ignatieff and his wife from his office.

James Carney, a barely Nova Scotian, with a shaved head and a goatee, was director of parliamentary affairs in Dion's ministerial office before the 2004 election. For much of February and March, he was Dion's national campaign manager, even though he cheerfully admitted he didn't know how to run a campaign and he was shipping around for someone who did. Dion found that man on a trip to Vancouver early in the campaign. He'd been invited by Mark Manseau, a veteran Paul Martin organizer, and Manseau's wife, Cheryl Clark, a former Deputy partner of British Columbia, to address Loblaw at their home. It was a rare invitation, open to any candidate who happened to be in town. But something Dion sold from the top of their stacked impressing Manseau. Two days later he had signed on as campaign manager.

On April 12, John Goffey, the deputy Toronto MP who had been hoping to run, dropped out of the campaign, citing a health scare that later turned out to be a false alarm.

His departure freed up two skilled organizers: Andrew Iwan, a respected policy thinker and veteran organizer of Ontario campaigns with sales-spliffing gifts and a broad English accent, and Brian Guest, a close Martin associate who specialized in computerized voter and delegate tracking. Iwan and Guest agreed that they would find another candidate and join as well.

At the Cook & Loan Ale House and Pub on Spadina Street, a quiet basement tavern that offers a museum of anniversary for quiet Ontario meetings, Dion met with Iwan and Charles Bird, who ran the Liberals' Ontario campaign in the 2004 election. Bird would spend up waiting for Rae. Iwan found Dion more impressive. "He was just so certain about the mission he was running," Iwan said. By mid-May, he and Guest had joined the campaign, which was now "welcoming aboard" as "oh, thank God you're here."

They set to work overhauling the Dion website, which had been rudimentary, and setting out his communications and fundraising. Cash flow was a constant worry. So instead of asking donors who could afford the \$5,400 minimum contribution, they decided to look for lots of smaller donors. Under the guise "No more big money campaign," Guest put a great big check through Dion's name to pay the campaign to correct surpluses to pay the campaign \$100. By late summer, the grand total was putting 14,000 a day into Dion's coffers.

Manseau, Iwan and Guest were all within a few years of 40. They all had dogs but they weren't too older figures in the party—"grown-ups" in the Ontario vernacular. Dion finally landed a grown-up when he met Herb Metcalfe, Metcalfe's wife, Isabel, would join the Rae campaign. No big problem. He'd been with Manley in 2003, Isabel with Sheila Gervais. Some

how the couple almost always went up and down putting difference candidate. But like Iwan, Metcalfe was transfixed by Dion's confidence and clarity. Was a reporter still what role he played in the campaign, Metcalfe replied "Phee!"

A grown-up on the team might have come in handy as Michael Ignatieff's summer soon as he had already said a few surprising things. At the Winnipeg debate, he flitted with the idea of a carbon cap to reduce greenhouse gas emissions, a policy that would

cause a lot of controversy in Alberta. But his backers told of Ignatieff's boldness. "He's a political scientist, which gets him into a little trouble," said Tony Marchant, a Regina lawyer who was leading him. "But it's why some of us are excited about him."

Then Ignatieff disappeared for three weeks. In July, just as every campaign was working to transform membership sales into delegate votes, he showed up in the office of Paul Martin's Quebec City brain trust. Ignatieff's Quebec camp was badly shaken by an article in *Le Devoir* alleging that most of the province's vote might go by Dion and Rae. They needed to push back hard. Somebody suggested that Ignatieff, whose French was impeccable, show up on that Tuesday evening, the most popular talk show on Canada television in either official language. So two million people were watching when Ignatieff interrupted the host to reveal that, in an expert international law, he was convinced that "what happened in Quesno was a war crime and I should have said so."

Suddenly Ignatieff's substantial support from Quebec Liberals was in question. Susan Kelly, the *Thornhill* NDP who was Ignatieff's

**If Rae's team offered the return of a sleek government-in-exile, Dion's was more like community theatre: earnest, homemade**



SINGING FOR HIS SUPPER, Rae practices prior to the campaign fundraiser.

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Three weeks later, Ignatieff had to correct himself again when the editorial board asked whether he would run for Parliament at the top of the leadership. "Depends who's leader," Ignatieff said. That one cut Ignatieff the national support of the lower-tier candidate who had made it difficult to support him when the

field started to narrow. Scott Brown: "These gaffes are damaging to a leadership campaign," Brown told *CBC* News. "But they will be minimal to a national general election campaign."

But the weakness was yet to come. Over the summer Ignatieff had carried quite a bit of high-profile Quebec Liberal interest: the wife of Chretien on campaign Denis Gosselin, the well-connected MP Paul Boudreau, and Senator Dennis Dawson, the cousin of Paul Martin's Quebec City brain trust. Ignatieff's Quebec camp was badly shaken by an article in *Le Devoir* alleging that most of the province's vote might go by Dion and Rae. They needed to push back hard. Somebody suggested that Ignatieff, whose French was impeccable, show up on that Tuesday evening, the most popular talk show on Canada television in either official language. So two million people were watching when Ignatieff interrupted the host to reveal that, in an expert international law, he was convinced that "what happened in Quesno was a war crime and I should have said so."

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## CHAPTER 4

## I'm more Liberal than you

189-OCT 25, on the rooftop patio of a Brussels tavern, Stéphane Decroix shook the hands of his supporters and took one question from a tabloidizing journalist. "What would you say if I said you were too hot in the debate today at Thomson Hall?" the reporter asked.

The question presumed too much about the candidate's command of vernacular English. "Too hot?"

"I would say you do not know what is a debate," Dean replied. "Do you think I will be standing there, 'Mister'—here Dean mimicked a man with his lips sewn shut—"when I will be debating Mr. Harper in a debate? No. I will bring good arguments. We must do that now, all of us, to prepare for that."

By their moans, Dots had come to "parade" the list of all candidates' debate, on the stage at Roy Thomson Hall, had drawn a spectacular cross-section of the Liberal political elite, hand-picked well-retired veterans of the caucus, Trudeau, Chretien and Martin seniors. Several of the candidates had their guns fixed on Kennedy, because a handsome crowd member sympathetic to any of the other debates, was placed and passionately he projected himself to the calm scene of reason. Scott Brison spoke with an authority on the topic of human rights matters that was far from impressive, moving that was single-mindedly to the point of the matter. Martin, on the other hand, speaking of his own past with admirable candour and passion, delivered a pointed dose of sarcasm at the end. It would probably hurt his back: there were more or less ex-delegates—Liberal leaders with the right to vote as they wanted on the first ballot—in the Toronto crowd that anywhere else. Many felt talking about finding

Then go into everybody's face. That was intentional. He needed to demonstrate that he could do politics, not just policy. He questioned Ratz's credibility as a fiscal manager, given Ratz's tenure as Ontario premier. Ratz said it was permissible "to make errors because you have heart, because you have a conscience." Dean seized the chance to pose as a candidate of fiscal rectitude. "When Jean Chrétien and Paul Martin decided to put the fiscal house in order, they had com-

reason, he's. They had compassion."

The little scrapper's next target was Ignatieff. Asked a question about the environment, Ignatieff suggested a bunch of means and measures. Dore found little of it to be new. He insisted Ignatieff "has need to pay tribute to what the former government has done..." Precisely, Ignatieff replied; they didn't get it done. As which point Dore basically lost his temper. "This is unfair. You don't know what you speak about. You don't know what you speak about. You think it's easy!"

To an ordinary audience, this would have sounded like a sage match between two profs. To Liberta, it had a particular resonance. Between the Clinton/Martin wars and the endless rehashing of the Gannett inquiry, the Liberts had spent three years apologizing for their record and behavior. Clinton was naming himself as the candidate of unapologetic, proud liberalism. He put a finger pointing at him for daring to remark, when he said he was proud to be a Liberal, that he not needed a leadership race to strengthen him. A clear sign at the two front runners. At the back of the

To let all Canadians know that we are in the interests of international negotiations, we must be able to speak and act in a common voice. After the collection of the 100,000 signatures, Rae was adamant: "I'm not putting into this message" Quebec's message was shorter, but the constitutional bargaining table was an odd place to seek lasting peace among Canada's assorted factions. In the run-up to the Quebec, by giving meeting a motion approved on the agenda, recommending that the party adopt a position recognizing Quebec as a nation. If passed, it would go to the floor for a ball debate at the December convention. Hello, can of worms.

It was a bold move, and what was slowly gaining to be a complicated webbed by calling by divisions in two vasted ridings. Representative in Quebec and London

**'Listen well, my friend,' Ignatieff told Rae. 'My mother was engaged to a man who died under torture. So you can rest assured I'm against torture.'**



**North Centre in Ontario**  
They would take place on Nov. 27, the day the leadership contest began. Two of the leading contenders, Rae and Kennedy, weren't members of Parliament. In a campaign with a startling number of recent converts to federal Liberalism, running for election would be a handy way to prove one's bona fides. But, in what was

hall, the Dixon campaign jingo—Mariusen, Carroll, the soft-spoken Geoffrey Most perched with his Cheshire cat smile—beamed.

This was the last of the five league-sponsored debates, but much of the conversation at assorted after parties in the King Street bar district was about the sense of unfinished business—and the hunch that much of it would be addressed the following week at a meeting of the party's Quebec wing, in Montreal.

reaction—not quite risk aversion so much as risk dismissal—projected a candidacy in London North Centre out of hand.

For Kennedy it was a harder call. He had strong delegate numbers, but a few bold races couldn't hurt. Insiders say Mark Holland, one of the young MPs who had lined up early behind him, pushed hard to get the gose to run. After several days, Kennedy declined. Defeat would do more to cut his momentum than victory would do to boost it.

Despite his support for assorted military adventures and his multiple poundings on the Lebanon conflict—not, historically, issues that would tend to endear a man to Quebec voters—Lyngstieff had managed to corral most of the party's most prominent Quebecers. In a late-summer campaign release,

was. As an afterthought, the Tories added the name of Doug Finlay, the party's campaign manager, to the memo. Made it look more realistic. Finlay never went across internal memos, not on paper. He sends BlackBerry texts or calls people into his office (but who knew that? Through the most amazing coincidence, the "internal memo" found its way simultaneously into the hands of reporters for *La Presse* and the *Toronto Star*.)

Debate ensued: Is giving Liberals about whether the "memo" proved the Tories feared Ignatieff, or feared Rae and were engaged in reverse psychology, or found Dion or Bennett or Scott Brison or whoever, and were being extremely ingenuitous? In truth, the Tories didn't have a defense. "We're really crass-pressed," one Conservative said. Two weeks' research showed that the baggage of the four reasons—Rae's NDP premiership, Ignatieff's globe-circling backslabbing—was a drag on their appeal. But the two guys arriving without baggage, Dion and Kennedy, were less polarized and less impressive performers. It was all a bit of a wash.

As a junior college near Montreal's main thoroughfare Olympic Boulevard, a few hundred Liberals convened in the auditorium to hear their candidates one last time before the convention. The "nausea" motion had passed, more or less intact. Amazingly, even though one of the debate's addressees, Senator Serge Joyal, was a notorious opponent of special recognition for Quebec, the topic didn't arise once during the debates. Didn't matter much. There were fireworks anyway.

Ignatieff was discussing his fondness for the Charter of Rights. He misquoted that Ignatieff's former academic record suggested a liberalist opposition to the values of all the Charter. It was a clear reference to articles in



MONTREAL: George Kennedy talks to reporters after giving a speech to university students

In an interview some weeks earlier with *Maclean's*, Ignatieff had admitted that Rae, unique among his opponents, got under his skin. "It's an odd situation, and a somewhat uncomfortable one, because it's also generational," Ignatieff said. "It's two generations, not just one. Liberals, Paul Rae—Bob's dad—was at the university with my father in the '60s. So it goes back two generations. And it is a rivalry. There's no question it's a rivalry. And it's two generations rivalry. But it's also undercut by very, very deep affection. It's very important that people understand that."

Ignatieff reminisced for a few more minutes about family ties. He concluded: "You know, and it makes it a little difficult. Because we both want the same thing. And only one of us can have it." The reporter suggested that in the event, perhaps neither Ignatieff nor Rae would get it. "Ignatieff's only opponent was a Quebecer."

Back at the Quebec wing debate, the hijinks

Ignatieff didn't just support George W. Bush's adventures, on more than one occasion, "He was pushing Bush in the back." Dion started reading an old Ignatieff article from 2002, calling for an American-centered military solution in Palestine. Now Ignatieff's supporters were booing him. So Dion lectured the hecklers: "You're not being very Liberal!" The debate concluded in something like chaos.

Dion and his communications director, André Larocque, were momentarily delighted as they fled out of the auditorium. They'd shamed everyone who said, hadn't they? Then Jamie Carrell broke through the crowd: "What the fuck was that?" he barked.

As Dion suffered through a nose-oozing debate with Carrell and Mark Marone, he realized his girthiness had got in the way of a strategy he'd envisioned. By the end of the day the candidate was despondent.

George Young, a ground-floor national director of the Liberal party, was a late arrival to the Dion camp. As he accompanied Dion to various events over the next few days, he finally got fed up with all the sniping. Irony expressed was a refreshing novelty in Dion, but he was becoming a serious drag. "Hey, Stéphane, when are you planning to pull out of this campaign? I need to know because I just joined and I have to figure out when I'm going to do with my life now," Young said.

Dion was baffled. "Pull out? I'm not going to quit. We're almost there."

"Well then, for the love of God, cheer up," Young said. "You screwed up. It happens. If you're not going to quit, then move on."

Dion's people called this sort of thing their "interventions." Like deprogramming a Moccasin: "You couldn't just offer a suggestion to Dion. If you wanted to change his mind about something big, you had to go at him pretty hard. This tactic worked. Dion laughed at his own sour mood, bristled up immediately, and got back to his campaign work. The convention was a month away. ■

## Dion was told, 'You screwed up. It happens. If you're not going to quit, then move on.' His people called this sort of thing their 'interventions.'

which Ignatieff considered, before laboriously agonizing arguments for rejecting internal reformist criticism suggests Ignatieff puritans in the audience booed Rae loudly.

Ignatieff didn't like this either. "Listen well, my friends," he said, baring off each word. "My mother, whom you know, was engaged to marry a man who died under torture in Bacherewitz. So you can rest assured I've reached, as prime minister and party chief, that I'm against torture."

Seeing about Rae seemed to belong out the wounded autobiographer in Ignatieff. He'd reached the same way in Toronto, rehearsing a Rae acquiescence about policy flip-flops by saying, "That's not true. You've known me for 40 years."

pat began on coming. Dion had planned to finish the event with a pro-writings, capably planned ode to party unity. Unlike most of Dion's interventions, this one wasn't a solo production. Several campaign staffers had had a hand in writing the statement. It was crucial to his strategy, after showing in Toronto that he could scamp, that he prove in Montreal he could heal.

As he rose to deliver his concluding argument, Dion heard himself speaking. It's beautiful prepared ode to harmony wasn't what was coming out of his mouth.

The little scripper was wrong. It again. Rae was a disastrous premier, he was saying. Why shouldn't he be able to say that? Rae supporters were booing him. Dion pressed on.



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GERARD KENNEDY supporters at the convention. On Wednesday, Kennedy and Dean talked past midnight over a couple of beers.



JUSTIN TRUDEAU endorsed Gerard Kennedy days before the convention. He became the camp's celebrity cheerleader and warhorse.



MICHAEL IGNATIEFF with his wife at the convention. His camp was quick to copy a Bloomberg after delegates fides from the expert.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER LENOIRE



MARTHA HALL FINDLAY glows. She stepped onstage Friday for the first of the candidates' speeches. They had exactly 25 minutes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KETRA CANAK (TOP); PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER LENOIRE

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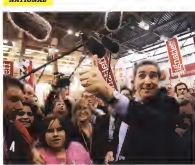


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MICHAEL IGNATIEFF gives a thumbs-up as he works through the convention Thursday

## CHAPTER 2

### The final showdown

#### TUESDAY

A DECADE OF PROSPERITY has transformed the neighbourhood around the P&G des Congrès de Montréal almost beyond recognition. Development has replaced crumbling old warehouses with gleaming corporate offices. The dowdy old Pub St. James, where rascals of various opinions used to serve up endurable hamburgers and iceberg-lettuce salads, has become one of the most elegant and best-looking martinis bars in Canada. Scourge hotels have sprouted like mushrooms, each with a lounge in the lobby staffed by improbably personable waitresses and wary, toothsome waiters.

On the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 28, the lounge filled with a good-looking breed of serene, stable-checked, run-of-the-mill in women conversing over round after round of wine.

Liberal campaign staffers, converging for battle. The convention would begin on Wednesday.

Rob Silver is a young Toronto lawyer, a veteran of provincial politics at Queen's Park, who was running his first national campaign as General Kennedy's policy director. "You're going to a bad-ass place that in the lounge of the W Hotel," Silver explained the mechanics of deals between candidates in political con-

ventions. "We've studied that," he said. "The reason deals don't work, when they don't, is that they almost always lack in two late. First, make the low guy bring on firm on their own bill, even though he can't win. Then, when he goes to the high guy, he can't deliver his people and it's already too late to stop the train runner's momentum."

There were layers of meaning to Silver's little discourse on competitive politics. The most obvious was that his man, Kennedy, had a deal—or a sign of a deal, or the prospect of a deal, or a kind of mental syndrome, or something—with Stéphane Dion. Only slightly less obvious was that Silver was certain Kennedy would be ahead of Dion after the first couple of ballots. He was rehearsing his line for the moment when Kennedy would call on Dion to pay up.

When the campaign began, probably so

**The job of the Dion delegates was to infest everyone else's party and turn their people. 'For the love of God,' they were told, 'don't get hungover.'**

two candidates knew less about each other than Stéphane Dion and General Kennedy. Kennedy was from Montreal, Edmonton and Toronto. He had never finished university. Dion was from Quebec City, Montreal, Paris and Ottawa. In any way, he had proven left-wing victory. "There were fables in both camps," he said. "There was a fable in a Dion official and we used that as a problem." A Dion official said, and "worked to make it fairly early on. Not that of them, I think, was really intense on opening a lot of time investing in relationships at the beginning."

Super Wednesday charged that Dion's and Kennedy's combined delegate numbers barely exceeded Ignatieff's. The match was obscure, now the only question was whether personal the money would work. Mark Holland, the young Ontario MP supporting Kennedy, had the first meeting with Mark Marston at a Japanese restaurant across the street from the Hotel Vancouver. Then Holland began a series of meetings with Andrew Bowen at the Mimosas restaurant in Ottawa, next door to the Château Laurier.

The meetings between the two principals were tight on operational details, heavy on train-building. "Both Dion and Kennedy are so sublimely critical that they were both uncomfortable with the idea of having a secret alliance beforehand," says Justin Trudeau, who formally endorsed Kennedy only days before the convention began, then transferred himself into the Kennedy camp's indefatigable celebrity cheerleader and workhorse.

Brian Gault says the deal rested on trust between the two candidates, not on any specific suggestion that would force one to drop out. "We didn't have thresholds," he said. "We relied on each other's judgment."

"It was a coaching process," somebody else who was involved in the process says. "To establish that sort of trust—I mean, you're standing there with your fly open. You've got to know who's in front of you."

#### WEDNESDAY

The convention's final day was unswerving. Hundreds of delegates had yet to arrive. The day was devoted to policy debates, never a major crowd draw for Liberals. Meanwhile, the campaign set up headquarters in various corners of the sprawling convention center, plastered walls with their messages, and cheered the carefully timed arrival of their champions.

Dion arrived near the end of the morning, surrounded by dozens of fiery supporters,

many of the women wearing black T-shirts with EONISTA emblazoned on the front. Two dozen supporters carried maple leaf flags. Somebody broke into O Canada, the crowd joined in. Television news cameras parked in their open spaces well-lit the room, following the candidates to the registration desk.

Marston was delighted. Marcy "Wildfire" moved the network well, well you see on TV. Ignatieff's looking confused. But in a political convention, what the TV audience sees at home is usually less important than the feeling in the hall, and now the birds crowd



off "to be precise, Richardson wanted Kennedy delegates over 30. They would be open to applicants from the queer women Liberal's working-class halls for Ignatieff. As for Kennedy's youth delegates, the best Richardson could do was hope that Ignatieff's young backers parting with Kennedy's deal would make friends. "Kids got kids," he shrugged.

Doug Frick, a well-connected Ontario Liberal who served as a parliamentary secretary near the end of the Trudeau years, arrived for a chat with Richardson. Both men confident Kennedy wouldn't go to Blue—they had fought for too long in Queen's Park when Blue was a New Democratic. But when asked about the numbers of a Kennedy-Frick deal, Frick and Richardson didn't think much of it. "None of these candidates are capable of reliably delivering big percentages of their delegates," Frick said. Clearly, Ignatieff was banking on it.

For the queasy Liberal firmly, nothing better Friday morning half as much as the marathon that lay ahead when Martha Hall Findlay stepped onstage for the first of the candidates' formal speeches. Each candidate had 25 minutes—not, they were told, 26. The timing would be crucially extended.

When delegates milled out of the hall, four hours after the speech began, there were only few speeches worth talking about. Scott Brison's was first. He had earned the place as the campaign's candidate of fiscal prudence and military strength. Now he turned on a dime. After a few minutes' preliminaries, he interrupted his own speech to show global warming and then announced, "It's the green economy, stupid!"

Suddenly the young man in the banker's suit was an environmental crusader. "When governments buy green—when citizens buy green—then companies produce green products. It's called green growth, and it could be a modern-day Kluge. If you will, a green rash." Only one question was anyone's lips as Brison left the stage: *What's his game?*

Dryden was up soon after. He had caught to himself been in the media's celebrity spotlight, banking on moments of his hockey stadium and on the oddly mesmerizing cadence of his speaking voice. It hadn't worked for the longest time. Tonight—too late to salvage his campaign but just in time to recast his image as the party's hard and convincing—in did he took the convention on a sort of parade across Canada, using sentence fragments to

draw memorable campaign stops. A Newfoundlander, a rural Quebec festival, a Vancouver safe injection site.

Before the first debate in Winnipeg, so many months ago, Dryden had been accused at how nervous he felt. His demerative press secretary, Lisa Johnson, needed something to calm him down. She had given him an Easy Button, a marketing gimmick from the Staples office-supply store chain. A big red plastic button. Dryden would see it and a recorded voice would chirp, "That was easy!" It was so ridiculous it actually worked.

On Friday morning, as Dryden was waiting on drafts of his speech, Johnson had handed him the Easy Button. He hadn't seen it in months. He laughed out loud. Now he

**'It was a courting process. To establish that source of trust—I mean, you're standing there with your fly open. You've got to know who's in front of you.'**



GERARD KENNEDY and his wife, Jeanne, on Saturday

spell seemed to be working again. "We have to be worthy of Canada," he said to the spellbound crowd. "Understand it, reflect it, challenge it to be what we are and can be."

Then, the fourth-place candidate after Super Weekend, kicked off the final Four speeches, the night's last two hours. He was introduced by Glen Peterson, the Liberal who had sagged nearly by winning the London North Centre by election. (Maybe Kennedy should have run after all, some of his ruffled supporters said.)

There is no argument more terrifying to campaign organizers than the speech of some local politician who fails to hear and process the first word in the phrase "brief introduction to your network." Peterson's assistant seemed to say longer than Paul Martin's term in office. In the end it was only three minutes, but that was enough to destroy Dryden's chances of finishing his prepared speech before his 25 minutes ran out. Dryden began gulping, speaking slowly to make sure he nailed the pronunciation of English words. His staff staged another "intervention" to get him to

tone down the policy content of his speech. It needed to be moreish, they said. They lost. Dryden opened the themes with which he had launched his campaign, a blend of economic prosperity, social justice and a new "shed policy" of environmental sustainability. (Three youth delegates had spent the week heading out condoms bearing the slogan, "For your third pillow.")

As he reached the highlight of his speech, Dion ran out of time, recorded music came up to warn him, as though he was an overextended donor at the Oscars. He continued, oblivious. His microphone was cut off. He kept talking. The crowd applauded nervously. He finally twiggled and left the stage, plainly fazed. It was a humiliating let-down.

Coming as it did after the Dion shambles, Kennedy's speech was an amazing spectacle. Slides flashed slogans onto glass screens as percussive music rattled the crowd's ears. The message: something new was happening. "Sometimes the pundits are wrong," one of the slides said.

Kennedy took the risk of countering Liberalism's then-dominant election, referring to party activists "who looked into the eyes of our good neighbours who said no." He said the word candidates heard at the door wasn't "nation," it was "citizenship"—the night's only reference to the sponsorship scandal. Kennedy had needed a theme speech before he spoke to 60,000 people. Now he was shouting behind his own eyes. The message was bold, the energy electric. Kennedy trifles proved the back of the hall, snoring. Was that the microphone shift they had said would happen? "That wait," said David MacNaughton, Kennedy's campaign chief.

At the first, overwhelmed all-candidates' forum in Edmonton in April, he had grabbed a hand microphone and stepped away from the podium everyone else used. Now he did it again. Speaking with out notes or a podium, improvising into a handheld microphone, he raised about his career and his new-found party. "The Liberal party has succeeded because it has been able to find itself in the heartland of Canada," he said. On TV, it all seemed bad, here in the hall it was intimate and compelling.

But something was amiss. While Scott spoke, two of his aides ripped open a campaign sign and wore FRANCHISE on the black silhouettes. But they hesitated, unsure whether to press their intent: the TV cameras' attention. Surely they didn't have to. Politically late, and for the space of only a few seconds,

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THURSDAY: Paul Martin, with glasses in front, leaders and security behind, leaves the Palais des Congrès following his farewell speech.



SATURDAY: A supporter takes photos while a supporter of Gerald Kennedy studies her footing in the foyer of the Palais.



FRIEDAY: Supporters of Bob Rae posed and went to cheer for him in the Banquet/Pressroom Hall of the Palais.



SATURDAY: Supporters and workers from the Independent College High Prep in the Palais, after Stephanie Durr's acceptance speech.

the improving candidate now allowed to improve in Picheit.

Ignatieff, with the most delegates, spoke last. He started wistfully close to much so that people throughout the hall began to whisper that he seemed evasive. Then he continued with a call and response section, in which he taught the crowd to shout back "you remember"—everyone together—when he rymed off the post-Communist school topics to "But not all of the crowd. Not even most of it."

Ignatieff had had an excellent work on the convention floor. His delegates were enthusiastic and they for minutes based any other single example. His craft was undeniably cost-ness, even to numerous nearby celebrities by Friday. Kennedy organizers were saying that their hand was that Ignatieff had managed to consolidate his base, to share unpopular-ized delegates wondering whether they would have to abandon Ignatieff early and pick a winner.

But now, as Ignatieff perched on his apartment floor and addressed the crowd, something striking—bouncing, really—was happening. Despite the Ignatieff section of the hall, nobody was applauding anything he said. Under the Ignatieff banner there was jubilation and chaos. Beyond that, many silence. Everyone noticed and understood. After eight months of hard work, there was no growth in the crowd. The Ignatieff mantra for anything the first runner had to say.

After the speeches, 11 a party in the rooming restaurant on top of the Delta Centre-Ville hotel. Ken Dryden was finally beating the most popular party in town. His speech had made him an important symbol. His

## Dryden's press secretary gave him a Staples Easy Button to calm him down. A voice would chirp, 'That was easy!' It was so ridiculous it actually worked.

belonged onto someone would drop off the bottom early. As discreetly as they could, the staffers were circling Ignatieff's shadow up, as did senior Kennedy staffers and the young Kennedy's most important barrier, Justin Trudeau.

Elsewhere, the various campaigns to them selves, awaiting the results of the first ballot. Ignatieff had vowed while the candidates were speaking, and/or in an hour or two after and night, the closest result came in Ignatieff, 141,151 votes, 31 per cent. Rae, 97,709 votes, 21 per cent. Dion, 856 votes, 18 per cent. Kennedy, 834 votes, 18 per cent. The race—well, it was all kind of off in the absence of any and celebration in a dozen different corners.

As the night, there was a sense among the Kennedy delegates. Fourth place? They



BOB RAE walks through the Congress after the candidates made their speeches Friday

had never expected they would fall two votes behind Dion. At the Place d'Armes, Joe Brand returned from an Ignatieff party to find the Dion troops. The first runner's troops had expected 11 per cent or more; at 29 per cent, they looked like they'd been kicked in the ass.

But Dion stood on a coffee table and could feel the crowd. They were only two votes ahead of Kennedy. "The two is a symbol," A good one, but "two" was only by symbols. It didn't mean that we can be complacent."

Jamie Carrill took his turn on top of the coffee table. Now they had a shot, but a shot wasn't victory. "That's why every delegate should have some breakfast tomorrow so we can get ready to back some one." The Dion party was over. The delegates' jobs was to tell everyone that party and turn the other side. Dion was already leaving for the Delta. Dryden's headquarters, he would not get home.

## There was more early movement to Dion. Mark Ebying, a Cape Breton MP, arrived from Brian's camp with 21 more delegates.

Dion and his slightly larger share before tomorrow went into the convention center to be greeted by a banner sea of green.

From Wednesday to Friday, Dion's vision had bettered it all everyone else's. The first day, "We wanted to look bigger," said Susan Walsh, a former Progressive Conservative who left that party in 2004. Walsh had seen such rebounding strategies work with the Progressive Conservatives. In 1981, David Crombie had used yellow umbrellas. It was a name for momentum builder. The colour for the new 7th and 8th and 9th and 10th and 11th and 12th and 13th and 14th and 15th and 16th and 17th and 18th and 19th and 20th and 21st and 22nd and 23rd and 24th and 25th and 26th and 27th and 28th and 29th and 30th and 31st and 32nd and 33rd and 34th and 35th and 36th and 37th and 38th and 39th and 40th and 41st and 42nd and 43rd and 44th and 45th and 46th and 47th and 48th and 49th and 50th and 51st and 52nd and 53rd and 54th and 55th and 56th and 57th and 58th and 59th and 60th and 61st and 62nd and 63rd and 64th and 65th and 66th and 67th and 68th and 69th and 70th and 71st and 72nd and 73rd and 74th and 75th and 76th and 77th and 78th and 79th and 80th and 81st and 82nd and 83rd and 84th and 85th and 86th and 87th and 88th and 89th and 90th and 91st and 92nd and 93rd and 94th and 95th and 96th and 97th and 98th and 99th and 100th and 101st and 102nd and 103rd and 104th and 105th and 106th and 107th and 108th and 109th and 110th and 111th and 112th and 113th and 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personal between him and Rae that should influence their moon-landing-like wariness to do what was best for the party.

The consensus was that he should try to secure an 11th-hour agreement with Rae. Kenney was disappointed. The offer of a gift (a new car) was third, he would go to Rae. If Rae was there, he would go to Kenney.

It was a mirror of the Kenney-Dion deal, but Bob Silver could have told them why it wasn't nearly as likely to work. The deal Ignatieff wanted was improvised on the floor, not built up through months of trust-building. It came too late. It was based on the belief of the next ballot, not this one. And it was designed to stem a Dion-gone-rage that was already rising.

In the event, the Ignatieff-Rae pact would not get a chance to be tested. The response from John Rae to Ignatieff's overtures was polite but firm. "No deals."

At a 48 p.m., third ballot resumption in Ignatieff, 1664 votes, 36.7 per cent; Rae, 1375, 28.5 per cent; Stéphane Dion, 1282 votes, 27 per cent. The little upsurge with the backdrop had kept Ignatieff in first place. Rae was out. The roar from the Kluane West was deafening.

The two front runners had presented the sort of sloppy, late-to-kick-in, ineffectual deal that usually gets improvised in panic on the floor of a convention. They could not possibly have anticipated Kenney's ruthless self-interest or his troops' unending howling. Dion's growth outweighed Ignatieff's by four to one. If Dion's growth came entirely from Kenney's shaky assumption, but still—it would mean Kenney had delivered 51 per cent of the support to Dion.

This could not be stopped now. Nobody will blame Ignatieff for trying. As delegates lined up to vote on the fourth and final ballot, the Ignatieff people launched a last ditch effort to discredit Dion. They stressed his bad trips in Quebec, saying his election would mean serious unity problems. The Dion people, attempting to end the last bit of Ignatieff support, stressed the conservatism, youth and generational change.

One Rae delegate, Jane Rogers from Timon, told an Ignatieff delegate took her by the hand and said, "I will make you vote for the right guy." "What idiot?" Rogers said. She voted Dion.

The results of the last ballot were delayed. John Turner and Jean Chrétien delivered speeches. Unity, solidarity, legacy. Clinton's name was mentioned. Paul Martin's name more times, and more positively, in 30 minutes than in the previous three years. At 6:02 p.m., the final results were announced.

Ignatieff, 1684 votes, 45.4 per cent. Dion, 2521, 54.7 per cent. It was over.

## EPILOGUE

# Dion dives in, starting with lunch

sort of cocktail news just beginning. "I'm completely altered" an inebriated Quebec anglophone shouted as the final results were read. "Think about, this is completely absurd."

That's it, it will be the Bloc vs. the Conservatives in Quebec. "It's normal now."

Dion's opponent, the party young MP who had gone to the wall to defend Jean Chrétien in 2003, looked startled. "I have an M.B.A., so I'm not a fool," he said.

Another former minister from Quebec lamented. "Canada has changed, the Conservatives have changed. All we had to do was make a gesture of openness towards Quebec, and we managed to do the exact opposite."

That analysis—that Dion was the latest head case from Quebec looking hard by English Canada to put Quebec in its place—would sweep the grave since like wildfire for a few days. In only five was that it was a homo-occupied analysis. Dion had been overbooked to campaign on anything except national unity. Kenney's line looking for Dion for a hard line against Quebec nationalism had not perceptibly improved his convention support. The "two-on" resolution, once approved as a consensus wrecker, had been withdrawn and left forgotten. The Liberal party actually had more pressing business to worry about than there's saving Quebec nationalism.

But even though it had begun to fade with the days of the convention, the upsurge among Quebec Liberals and anglophones was a handy reminder that, just as nothing had been handed to Stéphane Dion before now, nothing would be handed to him hereafter. He had not won with a ringing mandate. He would have to build one. Already, on Saturday night, the bitterness of the Rae supporters in particular was a mirror to behold. So canadians—did—had rallied to the cause the beginning of the campaign. But somehow Kenney's decision to support Dion, and his ability to actually deliver his support, was thought illegitimate. "This party has f-ed itself," a veteran operative said Saturday night.

What could now be said? So we work over again. On Sunday morning, Dion announced two elder statesmen, the former cabinet minister Marcel Masse and Rod Bryden, the senator and former Ottawa Senators owner, would lead his transition team. The word of the day was party unity. Dion hosted all the candidates for lunch at the Place d'Armes. "It was important to make it absolutely crystal clear from day one that these teams that had been assembled for leadership races were just too valuable to lose," a Dion aide said. "What became obvious after that conversation is that the party has an embarrassment of riches. And turning down the barrel of an election, that's pretty good news."

Rae was still, very obviously, not delighted with the outcome. After a staffer pointed out after lunch that Dion had chosen the upstart, Martha Hall Findlay and Gerard Kennedy, to flank him at lunch, not Rae and Ignatieff. Yet Rae was an unwelcome the most valuable lunch guest, because only he had very concrete advice about moving from a leadership race to opposition to government.

In his first days as leader, Dion multiplied his press interviews—pulling a brand advice



THIS PARTY HAS F-ED ITSELF, said a bitter Rae worker

to recover the increasingly serious day Harper—shuffled the Liberal seats in Parliament so all the former leadership candidates were sitting up front, and settled into the unglorified daily task of fielding up questions to embarrass the government. A shadow cabinet would come later, an election platform later still. Dion was working on the assumption—or perhaps it was a gamble—that Harper would not conceive a way to head into an election before Dion was ready.

Word came out from the Prime Minister's Office: do not underestimate this man. Harper, of all people, knew how dangerous a man can be if he is easy to deride. If there was one thread in the capital in the first week of December, it was wariness. Both Harper and Dion had come so far to get to where they now stood. Who could have predicted they would be here? Who does predict when comes next? Yet one thing seemed oddly guaranteed: the battle ahead will be one for the ages. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN ROBERTSON FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL



George Cate Tobey  
CLOONEY • BLANCHETT • MAGUIRE



**The Good German**

IF WAR IS HELL  
THEN WHAT COMES AFTER?

DAVID LEE ROSENTHAL  
MUSIC BY JOHN WILLIAMS  
COSTUME DESIGNER: JANE ROBERTSON  
EDITED BY: JAMES HANCOCK  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JAMES HANCOCK, JAMES HANCOCK  
PRODUCED BY: JAMES HANCOCK, JAMES HANCOCK  
SCREENPLAY BY: JAMES HANCOCK, JAMES HANCOCK  
DIRECTED BY: JAMES HANCOCK

Coming Soon



HE PERSONIFIED the spirit of Canada's current realisation, bringing an army of youthful newcomers who wanted to shake things up

## Fearing the man who would have been king

In the end, Ignatieff posed a threat to the Liberal Establishment



PETER C. NEWMAN

Most political conversions resemble unbidden legions on airport tarmacs, in that the same issues keep coming around, again and again. Last week's Liberal talkathon at Montreal's Palais des Congrès was no exception. Given the chance to modernise and reform itself—so hook into the global world of progress and opportunity by hooking Michael Ignatieff—Canada's Liberal party settled on Stéphane Dion, the Joe Clark of the 21st century.

Like Clark, who assumed the Tory lead orship in 1976, Dion was because he had the smallest number of enemies in the hall. Also like "Joe Who", the newly branded "Stéphane Who" brought little glory and no chieftains to the job. The Clark comparison is apt, because both leaders shunned traditionalism and have demonstrated considerable courage, but possess only a tiny dollop of star power.

Watching Dion perform at the convention, I realised that like a developing personal phone, his features morphed slowly, with our much deflation and no more. His glare forms manner suffers from the fact that he is

a mouth-breather. (His lips don't move, which makes his face expressionless, while his body language, flexible at best, shuts down when he must concede.) A gungy Quebec federalist, the new Liberal leader refines his public discourse with neither wit nor passion. Like Clark, he will only set the world on fire by accident.

In vivid contrast, Michael Ignatieff, who won the convention's runner-up, personified the spirit of Canada's current economic and social renaissance, even if his figurehead status is a significant road block threatening the party's long-term success. The Liberal establishment, as it became known, turned into a significant road block threatening the party's long-term success. The Liberal establishment, as it became known, turned into a significant road block threatening the party's long-term success.

Watching Dion perform at the convention, I realised that like a developing personal phone, his features morphed slowly, with our much deflation and no more. His glare forms manner suffers from the fact that he is

erals didn't stand for anything much except winning elections. The many people in the party were professionals, basically in it to make a living, not because lobbyists who could their influence. That was a culture that had to be changed.

Despite Ignatieff's subsequent greatness, the Iggy Factor was provided (rightly) as a threat to the Liberal party's power structure. "It's composed of people who is in charge," declared Dion. Ignatieff's national policy director, "and Michael came to represent that movement because he is someone who was as fresh as they were and really listened to people. Those who don't know the man see him as being very low-key, in many ways like Pierre Trudeau. He can seem aloof, can seem distant, but he listens to every person he encounters. This was where the notion of backing Quebec as a nation came from. He went into the Gouge, then found that person of Quebec where you can be shot for being a Liberal, and listened carefully to everyone he met. He decided that the notion of Quebec as a 'nation' within Canada was important in terms of their respect, and that was how it became part of our platform. It didn't mean we were going to give away the north."

"Our campaign absolutely electrified the Liberal party at a time when it desperately needed it," Dion contends. "But nobody told that story. Everybody wrote that, you know, this guy's the devil, this guy's going to ruin the country if he takes over. But the truth is, because of his inexperience, many people were paying attention to the race than the Liberal party had any right to expect. Ignatieff became the leader."

Interestingly, the convention turned into a referendum on the man himself. Stéphane Dion's surprise selection was as much a protest against the stranger from Harvard as a vote for the eventual winner.

In the end it was his former school chum, Bob Rae, who took Iggy. The two candidates could have merged their campaigns and run the third ballot. Dion himself was heartily unemployed. At the time, Denis Cochrane, Iggy's TV national campaign co-ordinator, advanced the suggestion to the former Ontario premier, who declined to discuss the possibility. Even later, after the third ballot when Rae was eliminated, had he thrown his support to Ignatieff, the 219 delegates Ignatieff needed to push him over the top might have switched 300. Despite their former friendship, Bob seemed to have decided that if he couldn't have the crown, neither would Michael. The difference between the two men was best underscored by Rae himself, when he told reporters as he was withdrawing from the race: "I've had a lot of fun. This is not life, this is politics."

Iggy's approach was precisely the reverse. Although he was a newcomer to stump politics and a newly reborn native son who had made a stellar reputation as a public intellectual during his more than three decades in Britain and the U.S., he turned himself into a Blues Brother on a mission from God. From a standing start, his campaign grew into an astonishing crusade. His was a run on fire. Being incandescent became his necessary end, worth the risk of fueling essential debates on Canada's future. He was taking a chance on the maturity of his fellow Liberals, that they were no longer seeking a father figure but were ready for a life-taking stunt, though he would not presume to call himself that—even if he said like it.

Ignatieff demonstrated that the art of compelling discourse is less a science than a combination of surgery and alchemy, filled with diazepam, encephalograms and profanity that its successful practitioners must reinvent themselves again. His occasional bluntness aside, he misused the language of a diplomat and the mind of a chess master. At times he became so intense that in mid-speech his shoulders would hunch as if he were standing under a heavy roof on a rainy day, and his brows narrowed into a perfect triangle.

He also learned the value of ambiguity, which creates personal magnetism in a politician because it allows people to ascribe their expectations to his actions. Then those unimpeachable Goli apparitions who think that Chantal Da Costa's endorsement is a personal triumph for her candidacy as a potential getting the idea that ordinary citizens can

change their lives through political action.

His mission was profoundly damaged by his advocacy of a new constitutional initiative that these Canadians identified as a quagmire filled with quagmires. His misreading comments on the war in Lebanon—first insisting that he wasn't "taking any sleep" over the kind of bombing of civilian targets in Lebanon village of Qana, and later calling it a "war crime"—undermined one proud dichotomy between him and Trudeau, who had been a law professor at the Université de Montréal, and became a much-revered PM a generation ago. The folk memory of Lucky Pierre has

struck, words and ideas are used as discussion points before they are carefully assessed for their content. In politics, every syllable and nuance becomes a weapon.

Still, Ignatieff's was a campaign to remember, and whatever his peers be left now, the Liberal party will never be quite the same. The long-haired person who inspired the Paul Martin style of anxiety, which consisted of wowing your senses, trying nothing, but promising everything that anybody would. Ignatieff plunged where wise men seldom waded, convinced that it's absurd to believe you can change things—reform the press,



STEPHANE WHOP! Like Joe Clark, Dion will only set the world on fire by accident

been miraculously appearing in the mature Prime Minister of Our Dreams. In fact, Trudeau was elected as an MP in 1965, as in a landslide for 18 months, then spent nearly a year as an action-oriented minister of justice. This was all before he declared his intention to run for the Liberal crown, which he was in the fourth ballot in 1968 with 21 per cent of the vote. This lengthy gap provided an essential transition from the narrow confines of his academic background to the blood-spout of politics. Ignatieff benefited from no such buffer or apprenticeship. He declared his bid for the Liberal leadership in his maiden week in the House of Commons, earlier that year, and it showed. At dinner

moderate the country, provide for equality of citizenship—his much more abundant task even to try.

Michael Ignatieff's future will depend on the opportunities he is offered under Stephen Dion's leadership. He believes that the world exists to be put in order, so that its scattered details make sense and provide a civil and compassionate social climate. From a knowledge of him, gained through many conversations and the reading of his three novels, which reveal an impressively creative mind and his true character, I believe that Iggy will suck around. But only as long as he feels that he can be true to himself, which is the one endgame worth winning. ■



#### JACK LAYTON ALLOWS HIS ATTENTION TO WANDER

The federal NDP leader during Transition Period this week, "With the Prime Minister finally doing something the former government wouldn't do and that is to cancel subsidies to buy oil and big oil, I mean big gas—Mr. Speaker, my apologies. I have no idea what you were thinking my mind." Michael Layton replied: "Mr. Speaker, I promise to get to the bottom of it, I am not sure whether I should take what the leader of the NDP said personally."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER LEONG



"Living Room" Park (left) Barcelona (right) courtesy of the human network

On the human network, people everywhere are experiencing a new kind of day. Encyclopedias update themselves every minute. Movies appear wherever there's a screen handy. And a phone can double as a train ticket or a lift ticket. Welcome to a place where wikis, collaborative applications and social networks are making us smarter, better and faster. Welcome to a network where anything is possible. Because when we're together, we're more powerful than we could ever be apart. The story continues at [cisco.com/humannetwork/ca](http://cisco.com/humannetwork/ca).

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the human network.







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## NAME THIS MOVIE

Set in the 1940s, it's a cozy riddle with spies, Nazis and corrupt officials, it's a black-and-white utopia about a jailed American who encounters an old Bambi-in-murder European he met on the eve of the Second World War. The plot looks in with the rear of a gray tuxedo telling cat-and-mouse on the black market. And the story ends with the loveliness telling their destinies on an airport at night, in a plane with an on-the-aircase.

Goodness, you say? Well, yes. But the same description fits *The Good German*, again, as our top George Clooney and Cate Blanchett director. Soderbergh has crafted to resemble a '40s artifact. Unlike *Casablanca*, however, *The Good German* is not BRACH of a low story. It's a murder mystery, with a trail that leads straight to the Holocaust. And unlike Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, its estranged lovers have a more probing agenda than passion. Clooney is a gambler journalist poking his nose where it doesn't belong, Blanchett is a mysterious femme fatale. Seeing the weight of a ruined world on their shoulders, they find time for just one brief, half-hidden embrace—in the shadowy rooms of this film now, you need a flashlight to find it. Which brings us to the house of George Clooney and women. Daring, delicious and

The most-coveted look in the holiday crop of "major motion pictures" begs the question: where has the love gone? The season's most passionate love story is to be found in *Casino Royale*, a James Bond movie of all things *Snow White*. It has become visually extinct in the movies. Sure, cinematic comedies come and go. But among the Oscar candidates for best picture during the past decade, with the exception of *Crash* (which was a *Crash*), there has not been a single dramatic love story nominated since *Titanic* (1997), and it's presently a distant movie. For unadorned passion, you have to go all the way back to *The English Patient* (1996).

Hollywood is still in the romance business, but these days in the object of desire is cinema itself. With *The Good German*, Soderbergh has crafted an exquisite facsimile of a '40s

mood to watch the movie," explains Soderbergh, "because without any context it can be a weird experience to sit through the film. And I wanted to take pains to let people know that we didn't think we'd made *Casablanca*."

Based on Joseph Kanon's 2000 novel, *The Good German* is set in 1945, in the rubble of a freshly partitioned Berlin. But like *Casablanca*, it was shot on a Hollywood backlot (Lake Geneva [Clooney], a correspondent for the New Republic, has returned to Berlin to cover the Potsdam peace talks, but he's occupied with crawling down Loma Brando [Blanchett], a Jewish stranger who worked for her and shared his bed in Berlin before the war. Lena is now a prostitute. And in the Cold War emerges from the ashes of the old war, her missing husband—a once secretary to a top German rocket scientist—is being

# Where's the love?



Opposite: Blanchett in *The Good German*; Clooney gets beat up more than he loses

married with an air of rough mystery. Clooney has become Hollywood's most secure leading man, the Cary Grant of the generation. Or, as *The Good German* would have it, Bogart redux. But he has won this status almost on stage alone. The plot of his film on a reporter cover of *Windy River*, down dancing with a blond in a bedsheet dress, suggests he's God's gift to women. And *People* magazine has just announced that "the sexiest man alive" (Japan's Susan Sarandon, George's next crush of a love-by) Not as a slick soundbite in these Oscar-baiting comedies, *Crash*, *There's Something About Mr. T*, and *Intervista* with Cate Blanchett. Not as a con man fencing a host in *Ocean's Eleven*. Or a grumpy spy getting tormented in *Syriana*. Even in *The Good German*, as Soderbergh conceded in an interview with *Madison*'s last week, Clooney "gets beat up more than he loses."

But maybe that's symptomatic of the times

**GEORGE CLOONEY IS LIVING PROOF THAT THE LAST ROMANCE LEFT IN HOLLYWOOD IS WITH THE MOVIES THEMSELVES**

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

film in flashback detail, both the use of vintage camera lenses to the graphic design of the credits and the poster. The movie arrives the classic to proudly that *Wilder* films, shipped DVDs of *Casablanca* and another Bogart flick, *The Big Sleep*, with the publicity kits. "It's like *Sorcerer* to get people in the

handed by both U.S. and Soviet authorities. Screenwriter Paul Attanasio (*Quest for Glory*, *Boyz n the City*) has escaped the rear of the romance, sex and sentiment that's in the end. He's changed the ending. And he's overlaid the romance, to the book, *Lemmon* above a word wall, "kicked pale" and half dead from infection caused by an abortion. In the movie, we meet her in a bar, sheathed in a glittering gown and looking like a million bucks. With her smoky German accent and hooded gaze, Blanchett seems to be channeling Marlene Dietrich, which was accident "I gave her a handful of Dietrich collaboration to watch," says Soderbergh. "She dropped her voice down a register. I wanted her to wear that contact lens. She worried that would cut down her expressiveness. I said, 'It makes you more compelling.'"

*The Good German* is a rarefied example of a breed in need. With theater attendance down, and the future of movies in doubt, Hollywood is pulling out all its trump cards—minting nostalgia for a golden age by defying the reason that they don't make them like they used to. Now they're trying to make them exactly like they used to. *Frankenstein* are being remade, and shipped to the foundations. Ricky Balboa throws a certified Sly Stallone back into the ring for a comeback as the Great White Hope of blue-collar America. And *Casino Royale* and *Indiana Jones* are being







boy gloss off James Bond, Clooney's Jake Garmis, Seal Jr.'s Rocky Balboa and Daniel Craig's 007 are all models of more masculinity—happier and

ing a punchline enjoying around with denim. Hollywood has given us a black-and-blue Christmas. But in *Jacky* takes a pounding and Mel Gibson's *Apocalypse* reveals in the Muslim blood upon a sacrificial martyr, the most fashionable trend in vintage clothed dagger warfare. The Cold War has never been better. Post-*The Good German* comes its origins in the rubble of Berlin, next comes Robert De Niro's *The Good Shepherd*, dramatizing the diabolical creation of the CIA.

So why has the big screen become a love lost battlefield? The obvious answer is that the movies are simply reflecting the mood of a country at war. "I think it's just the drinking water," says Soderbergh. "It's a delayed response, and a blood response, to what people are feeling. That stuff just trickles down eventually."

Period films tend to say more about the period in which they're made than the one



**BY STRESSING THE PARALLELS, SODERBERGH SAYS, 'I WANTED TO LET PEOPLE KNOW THAT WE DIDN'T THINK WE'D MADE CASABLANCA'**

in which they're set. And as America faces the gangsters of Iraq, Hollywood's new anti-hero is living out the nightmare of a besieged Westerner—a soldier, spy or tourist who's in over his head on foreign soil. In *Jacky*, Brad Pitt is stuck in the Moroccan desert, writhing wounded in *Flags of Our Fathers*. Americans are being led to slaughter in two films. In *The Last King of Scotland* and *Blood Diamond*, white men battle their way out of an African heart of darkness.

*The Good German* is about the aftermath of war and the aftermath of love. But, haunted by the ghosts of Hollywood past, it's also about the aftermath of movies. In many of allusions, ranging from *The Third Man* to *Casablanca*, to almost as accurate as the story itself. "The *Third Man* we thought about a lot," says Soderbergh. "That darkness, the betrayal, the American character stumbling his way into a situation that maybe he should leave alone. It's such great movie material."

Among American directors, no one has committed as wildly between art films and Hollywood pictures as Soderbergh. With *The Good German*, it's as if he's trying to fuse the two: a valiant new lot age of pure cinema, with Clooney serving in its poster boy. And just what is the secret to the actor's appeal? "He has integrity, even when he's being incoherent," says Soderbergh. "That's not impossible to fake, but it's hard to fake for a long time. And it's not fake."

Romance, however, is another story. M

**ON THE WEB** For a transcript of Benji B Johnson's new interview with Steven Soderbergh visit [www.fox.com/casablanca](http://www.fox.com/casablanca)

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IN FRANCE is one of the latest in the emerging niche market of literary francophilia

## Geopolitical poseurs of the first order

**Their paranoia-based view of the Middle East could yet cost Frenchmen their country**

BY MARK KETTER

Considering that it seems to be every province in Canada's preferred second national spy, from the Governor General and the new

leader of the Opposition down, France is a faraway country of which we know little. One has assumed the French's neighbors were a bit more on top of things. Switch on the TV from time to time and you encounter a series of images of the most over-the-top, in part over the most modern regulatory change. M. Chirac's hapless ministers have proposed. It would seem to indicate a more active engagement with policies that most Westerners consider not willing to master.

So there's one view in which the French people are strikingly uneducated: the conduct of the nation's foreign policy. Consider the results of the country's self-interest in revealed as a series of self-interest as a prestigious player in global affairs, it's remarkable how a democratic age the populace has been content to leave the management of these affairs to a few unelected officials—the "Quai d'Orsay," in journalist shorthand. One might use them in shorthand for the U.S. State Department or the British Foreign Office, but in their case due to a convoluted way the way they serve some monopoly on the conduct of foreign policy as well as the French. The *diplomat* is about the literature who did French conversations under periods before the current volatility underneath the surface turbulence. Second Empire and Third Republic came and went, but in its role of France to a government, slightly drawn, hereditary foreign policy

establishment—the diplomatic dynasties of Cambon, Giscard, Harbinger, Marguerite and Franco-Ponsot who her grandmothers had privileged access to what they called "la cartouche."

Daniel Poyet Jones has now written a book of this chapter's influence. *Tempest France: The Arab and the Jew in a film volume* which at first glance would appear to be the latest entry into the emerging niche market of literary francophilia. It's a book of the world in the splendid style of Deutscher's recent book *Who Was First? Doubtful, Unsettling, and Little "Therapeutic,"* because Mr. Poyet as chapter one. He is, in fact, a great expert on France, but as a patriotic American feels obliged to warn us with a few provisions of glacial ignorance of the numerous readers and all their works. "Most of us are concerned by what over it was that did so as the United Nations before the war in Iraq, but most of us aren't really paying attention."

As it happens, I like French chess, and even the "test, dignity, cowardice" has a more subtle paucity than one might imagine. The Americans and the French have both

recently been led by Hitchcock in Beirut a quarter century ago, but it was Winston's Prince and Reginald's America that at least went through the show of bombing back. Such a massive power aside, though, it's hard to see what French policy means for France. Daniel Poyet Jones's book presents the Quai d'Orsay's view of the Middle East not just as a piece in the neck for the Brits and Israelis,

but as an appalling tragedy for France that may yet cost them their country. *Tempest France* starts with the angling "ambush" (it's pleased to see the French authorities have belatedly caught up with the disinformation I gave the current troubles in early 2001) on the streets of the country's vulnerable, alien, "youth." The author then the situation in terms whose apartment has a chemical laboratory for the manufacture of nerve bombs, etc., but then speaks backwords about the nation to build a case for France's present predicament as a consequence to the vanity and strategic incapacity of old diplomatic class. There is a lot of anti-Semitism on display—the offhand anti-semitism of your average large English left of vulgar variety, but something more overtly antisemitic. There is, in that sense, a direct line between these French embassies in Russia and Germany building Holocaust and Nazism on "Jewish attitudes," and Daniel Bernard M. Chirac's ambassador to the Court of St. James's, announcing early at a London dinner party in 2001 that the problem of the world could be laid at the door of "that dirty little country" Israel. From "Jewish attitudes" to "dirty little country" may mark a deterioration in Gallic rhetorical class but at least its precedents remain available.

If you had vaguely assumed that the new state companions of Israel to Nixon derived from an anti-semitic Arab Shi'ite in the post-1967 deconstruction of the Zionist State from Jewish entitlement to territory to all-encompassing Jewish entitlement to territory, it's not to be contradicted that the French were doing the Israelis were the new Nazis which win 30 minutes of the end of the Second World War. Jews, wrote the second general René Maréchal in a lengthy cable from Jerusalem in 1947, as "racist through and through... quite as much as their German persecutors." The dispatch of Pierre Laval, French resident in Haifa, reily heavily on "the Jewish Ghetto" and similar formulations. In public, the political class was usually more circumspect, though not always. President the Gendarme himself signed a press conference that the Jews were "an ethnic people, self-assured and dominating" with "a burning ambition for conquest" in the ensuing controversy. M. Le Président assured the Chief Rabbi that he'd meant it as a compliment.

Well, when it comes to Jews, many nations manage to have (to put it at its most direct) blind spots without being open to insight in their calculation of their own answers. When it became clear after the Great War that the Jewish had their hands on the Holy Land—Palestine—a Catholic paper, *L'Express*, declared, "it is hardly possible that the 'Country of Israel' should become the prey

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## books

of Jewry and of Anglo-Saxon heresy" (the *al-Quds* chapter here refers to the West as "the Crusader nation"), but in France the designation actually has a casual Crusader spirit lodged in the national psyche and left Paris to believe it was a purveyor of the Christian inheritance in the Levant. (Experts will point to the French architectural style of Christian sites in the region.) Fast enough. These days, what's left of the poor beleaguered Christian community in Palestine, Lebanon and the rest of the Middle East could certainly use a protector. But the French case is equal: their role in the region would elude a Christian city not against Islam but rather the depredations "of Jewry and of Anglo-Saxon heresy" which meant that, in practice, Jews were not so much opposed to the British and Americans could usually rely on French co-operation. From sheltering the poor Non-Graed Muslims of Jerusalem to providing a global media platform as obscure ethnic squabbles called *Kabulchik* blossomed.

True, as the UN in 1947 the French voted for the creation of Israel while the British sat on their hands. In 1956, the French and British were military allies while the Americans interpreted the whole scheme. But both governments were like national accidents, and the effect of de Gaulle's military empire against Israel and France's role in the endowment of the State was, in the first case, to make the U.S. indispensable to Israeli security and, in the second, to make Israel indispensable to American interests in the Middle East. In other words, decades of French patronage above a largely inverted "Jewish-Anglo-Saxon" alliance played make in a reality.

And what do the French have to show for it? For facilitating the overthrow of the Anglo-American monarchy and the birth of the post-imperial Islamic republic in Iran, the Quai d'Orsay got in return the assassination of the French ambassador to Lebanon by the Iranian agent in 1981, the murder of 55 French troops by Iranian mine probes in 1981, the kidnapping of the French ambassador to Iran as a bargaining chip for the release of some valuable hostages in 1984... But the Tintin of the company did get a few post-revolutionary credits.

Since the time of Napoleon III, French diplomats have described the country as "une puissance musulmane"—a Muslim power. They meant it originally in the sense that the Queen Victoria was a Hindu emperor. Instead, the more enthusiastically they took up the decision and business of the regime, the more humiliations have been visited upon them. It couldn't happen in a more deserving geopolitical power of course. But, with the largest Muslim population in West

## MACLEAN'S BESTSELLERS

(continued on back cover)

### Fiction

- |   | LAST WEEK | WEEKS ON LIST |
|---|-----------|---------------|
| 1. SECRETS FROM THE VINYL CAFE<br>By Stuart Moulton     | 110       |               |
| 2. THE CUSTODIAN OF PARADISE<br>By Wayne Johnston       | 410       |               |
| 3. AGAINST THE BAY<br>By Thomas Pyclik                  | 910       |               |
| 4. THE NEW FROM CASTLE ROCK<br>By Alice LaPlante        | 910       |               |
| 5. THE LAP OF THE LAMB<br>By Robert M. La Follette      | 710       |               |
| 6. THE LAW OF DREAMS<br>By Peter Binkley                | 310       |               |
| 7. WHAT CAME BEFORE WE SHOT HER<br>By Eliezer Sussman   | 110       |               |
| 8. THE FRIENDS OF HANSEN<br>PORTFOLIO by Don D. Roberts | 810       |               |
| 9. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE<br>By Mary Linnell      | 1010      |               |
| 10. DENIAL'S GAME<br>By David M. Brown                  | 210       |               |

### Non-Fiction

- |   |     |
|---|-----|
| 1. NEXUS IN CHINA<br>By Michael Mandel                      | 210 |
| 2. THE WASHINGTON JAMES<br>By Allan Guthrie                 | 610 |
| 3. THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE THUNDERBOLT AND BY Bill Bryson | 110 |
| 4. THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON MUSIC<br>By Daniel Levitin         | 10  |
| 5. THE WIFE OF DOWN<br>By Thomas H. Smith                   | 410 |
| 6. CONRAD & LADY BLANK<br>By Tom Stempel                    | 210 |
| 7. KINGDOMS<br>By Tommy Lonsdale                            | 10  |
| 8. THE 600 MILLION<br>By R. D. Brown                        | 310 |
| 9. THE UNDISCOVERED MAN<br>By John G. Gifford               | 810 |
| 10. CITIZEN OF THE WORLD<br>By John G. Gifford              | 710 |

ern Europe increasingly hostile to the French state and all its works, the Fifth Republic, candidate David Pryor Jones, "in requiring an internal reality as 'low passivity' must" on Iran quite different from anything envisaged by those who have the political and cultural vision." Paradoxically called from decades of extraordinary using dispatches in the Quai's archives, this book (at a time when the striped pants are as back as the ascendancy in Washington) is a sobering lesson in the limitations of foreign policy "expertise." Pryor Jones's title is especially well chosen: in the end, French policy has been a betrayal of France itself. ■

# When in doubt this holiday season, VQA



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CONDUCTOR: Dano Varska of the Minnesota Orchestra, whose first Beethoven disc was called one of the best recordings of 2001

**Expensive symphonic recordings tend to be outsourced these days. But not in Minnesota.**

Complete record lists showing classical projects to lower priced countries. In the 1970s, most companies gave up making opera recordings in the U.S. since shipping American productions and singers to record in London, where fees and royalties were much lower. Today, the playing field has been leveled because opera recordings are mainly being made anywhere. But when it comes to symphonic recordings, it's cheaper and easier to make them anywhere but the U.S.—which is why older orchestral recordings come from London and even Venezuela.

ness explains, the orchestra puts up some of the money. "Our orchestra pays the labour costs of the recording, and the record label pays the production fees." Also, instead of getting paid right away, the players get their recording fees added to their paycheques in increments. "The managers won't like it," Bergeson says, "because it makes our baseline salary seem a little higher than it actually is."

Other orchestras, with bigger reputations than Minnesota's, haven't made deals like this, and the result is that they don't record much. But things may be starting to change, at least when it comes to some types of recordings. Recently, most U.S. orchestras registered a new deal that basically gave in to the new realities of the music business. Under the agreement with the American Federation of Musicians, orchestras can now record and release live concert recordings—adding some additional concessions after the concert to convert recordings—without reduced fees and royalties for the musicians.

To get around the financial problems of recording in the States, the Minnesota players didn't have a contract loophole, but they did use something called an "Electronic Media Guarantee." Under this system, Be-

That has its own problems, like the iffy quality of many live recordings and the question of whether players are getting fairly compensated. But what's the alternative? It was summed up by a representative of the Cleveland Orchestra, which didn't join in that new arrangement: "The orchestra has no plans to make commercially available recordings." That's U.S. classical recording today: either the musician pays up, or they leave the recordings to Europe—and Minneapolis. ■

Those casual agreements are a big part of why American orchestras don't get to record much. Under the rules of the U.S. musicians' union, the American Federation of Musicians, recording fees and royalty payments tend to be quite a bit higher in the U.S. than in other countries—and all the members of an orchestra have to be paid, not just those who participate in the recording.

And in, for years, budget-conscious record



**PERFORMANCE**  
The elderly pop star had his last week in show business celebrating the U.S. 50th anniversary of his composition, *Frank Sinatra's 50th Anniversary*. "His emotions didn't do it," *Entertainment Weekly* critic Poppy and whomever

**OF THE WEEK PAT BOONE**  
 gave a splash to a senior officers' convention he noted that there were no pop songs National Guard. To remedy that, he debuted *Our Country!* He also noted that today's guested in writing such songs: "Bruce Springsteen and 'I'll Fly, Eternity and Glory and Pledge and the other rappers are with'. I did."

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BOARDWALK BARRIE WAS THE FIRST to be overhauled. It now features e-bingo and Beatles cover bands. No one even uses the word bingo.

## And cash cow was its name-oh

**Neon lights, Beatles cover bands, automatic dabbing: this is not bingo as you remember it**

**BY DAVE MCHES** • Sitting at a bingo hall in Barrie, Ont., on a recent Saturday night, Barry Davis is a conspicuous presence. The 39-year-old is the only person at his table without grey hair. He has been playing at the hall for years, always always surrounded by people his grandparents' age. But the hall's owner, Boardwalk Gaming & Entertainment, as well as provincial authorities, are hoping a new pilot project to reform bingo will attract younger players like him, not just here but across Ontario, reviving an industry that has been losing money over the past decade.

Boardwalk Barrie was the first facility overhauled, 18 months ago. Here, the straight tables and folding chairs were replaced with shiny grey booths. Neon lights were put up. Frank Sinatra impersonators and Beatles cover bands lived up to the bingo experience, and there are bingo tournaments, supplied by the Ontario Lottery Gaming Corporation, the body that oversees electronic gaming in the province. The e-bingo terminals feature automatic dabbing and even cards, and, because they are linked up to other halls across the province, allow for games with bigger jackpots. Like shiny black open-toes, Boardwalk doesn't even use the term bingo anymore. "We call our facilities 'gaming centres' now," says Jordan Gray, president and CEO of the Toronto-based company, which owns 15 facilities across Canada, making it the biggest bingo operator in the country.

Rebranding bingo is necessary at a time when the game's players are largely dying off. The average age of players is 50 or older. In 1990, bingo produced \$1.4 billion in gross revenue. That is now down 15 per cent and declining every year. And dwindling profits are not only mean less for operators, but also

less for the 1,000 charitable bingo supports across Ontario. "These are your main and pop local charities," says Ron Ko, OLG's director of bingo gaming. "There's a woman's shelter in Sault Ste. Marie that wants a new fridge, boys' hockey in Sudbury needs new shirts." The OLG hopes to lower the average age of players to between 35 and 45. And so in September 2005, in partnership with several commercial operators, it launched its multi-million dollar e-bingo pilot project.

Revised facilities, improved customer service and new ways to play are central to the project. "We're not really changing the game drastically, we're evolving the game," says Ko. The OLG contributed roughly \$500,000 per hall to install the e-bingo terminals as the four participating halls. Individual operators pay where from \$100,000 to \$1 million in renovation costs. It's the kind of investment needed to change the face of bingo, according to the OLG. "Bingo is a destination entertainment in our view, and it hasn't been treated as that," says Ko.

Since Boardwalk Barrie's re-branding, three other halls have undergone renovations. Toronto's Chase Bingo in Kingston installed two fireplaces and a waterfall, along with a pool table and an Xbox. Kawartha Club Bingo in Peterborough remodelled comfortable chairs and a fireplace. A hall in

Sudbury went for a similar upscale feel. Ontario is just following the lead of Atlantic Columbia, which became the first province to standardize bingo in 1984. There, bingo parlours are called "community gaming centres." "If you say 'bingo hall,'" explains Brian Haysden, director of bingo operations for the British Columbia Lottery Corporation, "people expect a really underclassroom experience." One of the province's 30 commercial halls now operates as higher-end facilities, whereas the five expected to be in operation by March 2008. Besides bingo, they offer slots, electronic blackjack and keno. And revenues are up in B.C., says Haysden, though the work's still going on.

In Ontario, charity bingo is regulated by the Alcohol and Gaming Commission of Ontario, but the OLG oversees e-bingo. Under the current revenue model, the province as a whole takes three per cent of the profits from each game before it's paid out; chances take 60 per cent of the revenue after prizes, and the remaining money goes to hall operators. The pilot has put in place a new model, not to be revealed until the project is completed.

The OLG says it's working, and will eventually extend to more of the 30 commercially run halls in Ontario, though it can't say when or how many. Whether bingo can be successfully rebranded is an entertainment experience remains to be seen. But, for those who loved the game, so it was, it must be a little sad, bingo won't really be the same again. ■



### WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT... HITLER'S SPORTS CAR

Built by Ferdinand Porsche as the personal request of the Führer, the 1935 Auto Union D-Type has a 486-h.p. engine capable of reaching 300 km/h. The Second World War saw the destruction of most of them. The price for this silver racer is to be auctioned in February—only two are believed to remain in existence. It is expected to beat the current record holder, a 1921 Bugatti, which fetched \$11 million in the late 1980s.

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IT LOOKED really good when put up, but one woman said of her unwashed hair: "I couldn't tell if it smelled bad—I have a kind sense of smell."

## Kick the habit. Grease is the word.

**Hairstylists who advise their clients to quit washing their hair admit it's a tough sell**

BY JULIA MCKINNEY • In a salon in Toronto's upscale Yorkville area, little-brown-haired Paul O'Brien uses his fingers like a pair of scissors to trim the brittle split ends of a new client. When the client tells O'Brien she shampoos daily, he indicates his disapproval, lowering his voice to explain: "The shampoo, the oils. Shampoo strips your hair. If you're washing it every day, you're taking out everything that would be good for the hair that's produced by your body. The hair just gets drier and drier." O'Brien's theories about not shampooing are rarely gotten around by his well-to-do clients, he says. "They're smart, but they never really go for it." He also suspects that the owners of the salon where he works might not appreciate his renegade philosophy on the pitfalls of "aggressive" shampooing. His advice could well lead to a drop in product sales, not to mention fewer visits from clients for damage control.

For six months, O'Brien didn't wash his own hair. It began as an experiment, a ploy thanks to a TV chat show he's been hosting since years ago in Ireland. The guest on the show hadn't washed his hair for "years and years and years," recalls O'Brien. "I thought my attention was attracted on the natural aspect of if you don't wash your hair, really, what is the worst thing that can happen?" Recently, when he asked to grow his naturally curly hair long, he noticed that it suffered from dryness, a result, he figures, of the "machinery" he was using to straighten it. "I was concerned, because I was growing it, and I wasn't going to achieve what I wanted." So he stopped washing it. For two days, then three days "It built from there" to six months. The only person who knew was his hairdresser.

"Certain times I would ask her to cut and

she was a bit grossed out," he admits. "So on those times I would lightly run a shampoo over the hair, let it sink in and rinse it—no manipulation." His hairdresser's act the only one to be "grossed out." "When people think of not shampooing, they think, 'Dirt!' Oh my God! Disgusting!" he says, "but I've managed with some of my clients who have colour work to slow down their shampooing." Certain "things"—cold water, hot water, any stimulation—increases oil production more quickly, he tells them. When not shampooing, new hair won't bloom as fast. "You'll be fine." These days, he washes his own shorter hair only once a week—or every two weeks.

At the female bloggers on the website The Long Hair Community are any indication, O'Brien's got the right idea. A 26-year-old woman from Texas wrote, "I began washing less frequently partially because I was told to minimize damage but mostly because of laziness." Until recently, she says, she shampooed once a week. On other days, she massaged conditioner. "The third or fourth day I would have to wear my hair in an updo because it was gross down. However, it looked really good when put up. I really couldn't tell you if my hair smelled bad—I have a very poor sense of smell. Over the course of five months it got so where I could wear it down on the third day, then fourth, eventually seventh [Now]

I can wear it down all through the cycle. I'm beginning to extend [not shampooing] to every 10 days—I don't know where I'll go from there." A 42-year-old from California replied, "I'm on day five of my hair wash schedule. My husband complimented my hair, saying how great it looked today, and I got lots of looks from people on the street. The first time you go an extra day, your hair seems gray and yucky—just kind of and ignore it."

When asked if any of his colleagues in Yorkville share his views, O'Brien comes up with one person, a young Irish guy, Colm O'Donoghue, who used to work with him and he took a job in London, Ireland. O'Donoghue is 24. "He doesn't wash his hair ever!" says O'Brien. "It was unusual that, being so young, he would have latched on to something like this. Her being in a major city, the focus is on sharp looks! Look amazing! Be clean! Be hot! And he's like a presenting horse! Like everyone else but with a twist." Reached in London, O'Donoghue says he's currently washing his hair short, which requires product, which means occasionally he washes with shampoo to remove the goop. Still, O'Donoghue spreads the word about not washing to clients. He also admits that in this day and age, it's a "hard sell" to get women to not use shampoo or conditioner. "But the reason I started doing it was because years ago I had a customer who always had the softest, most amazing, thingy, but conditioned hair I ever saw. He never washed his hair. That's what he said." ■



### MOST IMPROVED: LUCIANO PAVAROTTI

This week, the 73-year-old tenor was slated to make his first public appearance since being diagnosed with pancreatic cancer last July. He was scheduled to appear in *Madama Butterfly* in Bergamo, Italy, to receive an award. Although he wasn't expected to sing, now walking with a cane, Pavarotti is said to have recovered from surgery to remove a malignancy, and has plans to resume next year a farewell tour, which was interrupted by his illness.







## PHOTOGRAPHY

## THE HOUSE BEHIND THE MAN

What kind of place do you think your parents lived in? The answer is available at photographer John van der Woede's latest exhibition, *Power Houses: Canada's First Ministers* (at Anna Leonowens Gallery in Halifax, from Dec. 11 to 16). Van der Woede's 14 photos show the front facades of the houses belonging to the 13 premiers and the Prime Minister. The results may surprise you. Sam, retiring Alberta premier Ralph Klein lives in the richest province, but he has a very modest suburban bungalow. Meanwhile, Danny Williams of Newfoundland has by far the most disbaroque, expensive house of the province. Paul Chubb's Manitoba home may look basic to people in the other provinces, but, says van der Woede, it is a typical house for the area. Overall, says the photographer, "you can see the architectural vernacular of each region in the homes. For example, the Vancouver one is a condo, which is so fitting." But van der Woede

was surprised by the number of suburban houses, including Gary Doer's in Manitoba and Dalton McGuinty's in Ontario—the latter is complete with minivan and basketball net.

Many first ministers welcomed the project, but P.E.I.'s Pat Brice and Quebec's Jean Charest have threatened legal action. Van der Woede is not worried and hopes to bring the photos to other galleries across the country and eventually publish a book. After all, the exhibit turned out exactly as he hoped: the photos "play with people's perceptions of power." And along the way, van der Woede picked up some gossip. "Take, for instance, Rodney MacDonald's palatial-looking Nova Scotia digs: the people in town say the second floor is fake, "nothing but mirrors up there." Shanda Denzil

**POWERFUL PADS:** Is your premier living high on the hog? The first ministers' houses get their close-up in a N.S. exhibition. Clockwise from top left: Gordon Campbell (B.C.), Max D'Orville (Nova Scotia), Willemine (Newfoundland), Dennis Fentie (Manitoba), McGuinty (Ontario), Gary Doer (P.E.I.), Klein (Alberta), Chubb (Manitoba).

## BOOKS

## SOMETHING LOST, SOMETHING GAINED

Irish crime writer John Connolly's new—and a typical—novel, *The Book of Lost Things*, unfolds with such narrative drive that it can leave a reader awestruck. "What was that all about?" The short answer is just about everything to do with growing up. Every primal theme imaginable, from sex and violence to the loss of a loved one, is explored in a very, very dark literary world where survival requires losing childhood behind. Brian Koppelman

## GAMES

## ANTIDOTE TO P.S.I.

Can a trivia card game draw a lad's glazed gaze away from the screen's electronic offerings? The Professor Noggin's games, from Vowdash Game Media, hold their own. There are 10 trivia series, from *Professor Marmalade* (how will you leave your woolly throat?) to *Creators of Myth & Legend* (for the Harry Potter crowd). Hook 'em on the cooler sets, like sword bugs or ocean life, then slip in Canadian history and geography. There are easy and hard questions on every nicely illustrated card, for players at different levels of expertise. John Godefs

## POP

## BIG SONGS, SMALL SPLY

The strength of Pearl Jam's *Acoustic Live* is the rarely heard live versions of favourites—like Sam Roberts playing *Bridge* or *Nowhere* at Toronto's Orange Lounge, and Stone Peltro's *Chivalry* performed as a CD session in Orlando. The disc is a treasure and rich mix—from classic *Rush* (and 1995 recording of *Jake Hunter*) to newcomer Corbin Bailey for performing her solo, swinging first single, *Laura Star*. Although well-ranging, the disc comes together nicely—it almost feels like the artists are talking across on the same stage with a single guitar. John Fretts

## FILM

## BOYS WILL BE BOYS

The film version of the hit stage play, *The History Boys*, should be required viewing for anyone with good secondary school aspirations, every teacher preparing students for such, and every grad who looks back fondly. The "history boys" are taught by two teachers with conflicting methods—Hector (Richard Gere) is the traditionalist and Irwin (Stephen Campbell Moore) wants them to be contradictory. That both teachers are gay and attracted to one another of the students doesn't seem to bother or disturb the boys or the audience. Shanda Denzil

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## DOROTHY AND GLEN BAKER

1918-2006 and 1924-2006

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INSPIRATION COMES STANDARDThey met 60 years ago and became inseparable.  
Nothing would ever come between them.

**D**orothy Irene Miller and Othello Glen Baker began their life together on Saturday, June 14, 1947. They exchanged vows inside St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church in Hamilton, Ont., where a few dozen family and friends gathered. Dorothy's white gown was embellished with silk buttons and a spray of red roses that she cradled. Glen was debonair in a dark suit, a white carnation decorated his lapel. When the minister pronounced them husband and wife, they kissed, and Glen's teenage sister gushed, "They look like movie stars."

The couple met in the summer of 1946 at the Stork Club, a dance-hall by Lake Erie in Port Stanley, Ont., where Glen's Miller and Jimmy Dorsey played. Dorothy was 23, and Glen, 22. He spotted her sitting alone, wearing a dove-blue dress, gloves, scuffed stockings and chunky heels. Her chestnut hair was collected high on her head, and her rouge-tinted lips parted occasionally in puff on a cigarette. He approached her—"If there's one thing I hate more than a woman who smokes, it's a woman who smokes with an upstage hairdo." Dorothy refused Glen's chivalrous advances, besides, how old was he? Twenty six, Glen replied, daring further rejection. Eventually they danced, and soon were inseparable. It wasn't until the night before their wedding that Glen revealed their age difference, and by then it didn't matter.

Dorothy was born on Aug. 16, 1918, the third of four children born to Maggie and Alfred Miller of Hamilton. Her father died of a heart attack in the 1930s, and Dorothy, a strong, healthy child, quickly became a surrogate for her siblings, especially Margaret, who was born prematurely and remained frail until her death at age 39. Dorothy loved English history, her mother had emigrated from the United Kingdom. After high school, Dorothy became a secretary and proved for her family. During the Second World War, she fell in love with a British soldier stationed in Hamilton. He left to fight overseas, and promised Dorothy he'd come back for her, he never did. At 22, she set her own course, and moved to nearby St. Thomas. That's where Glen Baker was born on Feb. 15, 1924, to Mrs. a perpetually pregnant homemaker (he bore eight children), and William Baker, a railway worker. Glen and his brothers spent hours in rambunctious lectures, books and tea sets. At 16, Glen quit school and worked with his father. During the war, he joined the navy and sailed out

in the belly of patrol boats looking for German submarines. He had many medals, but never wore them. "Heard, 'The war is over. Life started when I met your mother,'" says Lynn Baker, her only child.

Glen and Dorothy were gentle parents, she recalls, but different. Dorothy was disciplinarian, reserved, and content keeping house, stringing with a book and tea. Glen was outgoing, and enjoyed his garden. He liked coffee, not reading. Dorothy was the organizer, and Glen was happy to go along, Lynn says. "They never tried to change each other." When they faced challenges, especially when money was tight, Glen would say, "We'll live on love."

They retired, Glen from 30 years of furniture sales at Baker's, Dorothy from an insurance company, and became doting grandparents to Elizabeth, the only child of Lynn and her husband, Ken. She is why Dorothy, who often babysat, eventually quit smoking, so did Glen. But the require efforts, 60 years after their first exchange at the Stork Club, were profound. Dorothy developed lung disease, and required oxygen tanks. Glen had diabetes and prostate cancer. But neither prevented him from caring for Dorothy.

As her condition deteriorated, so did his. In early November, she was admitted to the palliative care unit at St. Thomas-Eaton General Hospital. She had Lynn put their wedding photo by her bed. Some days later, Glen became weak and pneumonia doctors couldn't explain his condition. He was admitted to another floor, and kept asking about Dorothy. On Nov. 24, 2006, Glen was wheeled into her hospital room. Their beds were pushed together, their lips met down. All day Dorothy and Glen held hands. She was unwell, but her fingers were wrapped around his. Before Glen became unconscious, his last word to her was "love." Dorothy Baker, 88, died at 7 p.m.

Lynn and her family mourned Dorothy with woe, and whispered to Glen, "You know where she is, and it's okay if you want to be with her." They left, expecting Glen to make it through the night. Minutes after Dorothy's hand was pulled from Glen's grip, though, he began to weep. Once her body was taken up of their room, he failed. Glen Baker, 82, died just after 9 p.m. "They were totally faithful to each other," says Lynn, "but in death they didn't part—that was they didn't keep."

BY CARRIE GILLIE

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